THE CASTLE OF INFAMY.

A POETICAL VISION.

IN TWO PARTS.

" Here Truth *unlicens'd* walks—and dares accoſt
" Ev'n *Kings* themſelves, the Monarchs of the *Free*;
" Ev'n *Kings*—of narrow Genius, Minion-rid,
" Proudly regardleſs of their People's Plaints,
" *And poorly paſſive of inſulting Foes*;
" *Tyrants* at once and *Slaves*—imperious, mean,
" To *Want* rapacious joining ſhameful *Waſte*;
" By *Counſels weak, and wicked*, eaſy rouz'd
" To paltry Schemes of *abſolute Command*."

THOMSON's *Liberty*.

LONDON:
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXX.

*** *The Reader is informed, by Way of Apology for the Paſſages in p.* 19 *relative to Mr.* H. *that the Poem was printed off* before the Death of that Gentleman, *and the Publication delayed only till the Town filled.*

THE AUTHOR, IN ALL HUMILITY,

TO HIS VERY GOOD FRIENDS

THE *MONTHLY REVIEWERS.*

Moſt *impartial* and tremendous *Stagyrites*,

——Ecce iterum *Criſpinus!**—" Stap my Vitals! *Tam* again!"——

MAY I for once preſume, Gentlemen, to intreat your powerful Patronage, ſince I here moſt readily grant that *Truce* againſt your *Brother-Fanatics* which you have ſo imperiouſly preſſed for in your June Review †. In Obedience to your Pleaſure, Gentlemen, I will not, for the preſent, " *teaze you with the Nonſenſe and Impoſture of* " *Methodiſtic Saints and Perfectioniſts, but turn, at length, my invec-* " *tive Weapons* on other Objects"---*Knaves* and *Fools* of an higher Claſs ---the apparent Idols of *your own Divinity*. At the ſame Time I muſt intreat your Pardon for reminding you, my learned Friends, that your proper Sphere is *Criticiſm alone*. Be fair enough, and wiſe enough, for the future, to keep within it.

As *Reviewers*, I humbly conceive you to be *limited*, not *arbitrary* Sovereigns, in the great Empire of Letters: As ſuch, I ſubmit it, whether you can juſtly exerciſe your *judicial* Powers beyond the Verge of thoſe *literary* Errors, Inabilities, Improprieties, or falſe Pretences, of which an ignorant or aſſuming Author may happen to be guilty? But are you not *inſolent Uſurpers*, Gentlemen, when you preſume to

* See Monthly Review for June laſt, p. 477, Art. 24.
† V. Monthly Review for June laſt, p. 478.

arraign

arraign and condemn an Author's *political* Principles and Opinions?---when you take the Liberty of hinting to him the Deſertion of his Subject; or affect Diſguſt §, ſhould he dwell too long (as you fancy) upon any Subject, while he writes with Propriety? Whenever he fails to do this, laſh him without Mercy:

——————" Be ready then, ye Critics,
With all your Thunderbolts—daſh him to Pieces!"

But, ſhould you find no Reaſon to cenſure him as a *Writer*, it is rather uncandid and illiberal to ſeem petulant and peeviſh with him, either as a *Politician*, or a Scourger of *fanatical Impoſture*. You are the allowed Cenſors of *Poetry*; not of civil or religious *Party*.——Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.——At ſuch a Time as this, however, I agree with you, Gentlemen, that it would be unpardonable indeed to expend (as you ſeem to fear) " *all my poetic Ammunition upon Fanatics*, " *and let other Culprits eſcape.*" I therefore readily avail myſelf, not only of your imparted Will and Pleaſure, but of your conſequential *Patronage*; to which my *paſſive Obedience*, I hope, in ſome Degree, entitles me. Whether my Arrows chance to hit, or miſs, the Mark, I draw the Bow at the Command of my *Superiors*. Permit me then, Gentlemen, thus to proſtrate myſelf, with this my *ſecond Viſion* *, before your magiſterial Gooſequills, and to aſſure you that I have the moſt profound Reſpect for your uncommon *Candour*, *Impartiality*, and *Sagacity*: nor do I wiſh to ingroſs them entirely to myſelf; I am content to ſhare my due Proportion of them with Writers of much more Merit. Therefore, my good Friends, uſe no Ceremony with me:

" Stint not to *Truth* the Flow of Wit;
" Be prompt to *lie* † whene'er 'tis fit."

I am, Gentlemen, your moſt obliged, and moſt obedient Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

§ As in the Monthly Review for June laſt, p. 478.

* The Author's *Temple of Impoſture* was his *firſt Viſion*; and perhaps he may take another *Nap* or two ſtill, if Occaſion ſerves.

† In the Monthly Review for Auguſt, 1778, the Author (upon the Publication of his *Temple of Impoſture*) was a *good Poet*, and an *ingenious Writer*; but, alas! upon his Publication of the *Reviewers Reviewed*, his Poetry was all *Billingſgate Poetry*. (V. Monthly Review, May, 1779.)—One or other of theſe Aſſertions muſt be *falſe*.

THE CASTLE of INFAMY.

VISIONARY SHADES.

K. Log, at full Length; K. of Spain; K. of France; K. of Naples; K. of D--m--k; Emp. of R-ſſ-a; K. of Pr-ſſ-a; K. of P-l-nd.

L--- B-te and his r--l Meſſalina; Genius of Scotland; L--- G---- G--m--ne; L--- Ch-----f---d; L--- M-lg--ve; L--- S--w-ch; L--- M---f---d, at full Length; Abp. of Y--k; Sir H--- P-ll-f-r; Ch-mb--l--n of L-nd-n; Ald--m-n H-rl-y; Sir W. L-nch; S-cr-t-ry R-b-nſ-n; W-llb-re Ell-s; Groupes of *hungry Scots*; Sir G--y C--p-r; Str-tt, of M-ld-n; Sir J--- D-lr-m--e; L--- Ad--c-te D-nd-s; *Britannia* with a begging Box; Victory at L-x-ngt-n; Bunkers-Hill, &c.; the famous C-mm-ſſ--n to America; Muſhroom *Nabobs*; L--- N--th, a full Length; Ir-ſh *new-made* L-rds; Baronets, Knights, Contractors, Pimps, Spies, Placemen, Penſioners, Toad-Eaters, Sycophants, Buffoons, Hackney-Writers, Brokers, and other *miniſterial* Rabble and Attendants.

PART I.

HOW droop'd the Muſe when *Darby*'s* caſting Voice
Made *Honour* weep, and *Infamy* rejoice!
The *Sentence* ſtartled *Jackſon* † as he read;
I heard it, mark'd it, and my Colour fled:

* The memorable Preſident of that ever-memorable Court-Martial which tried and *acquitted* Vice-Admiral *Sir Hugh Palliſer*.

† Judge-Advocate of the Court-Martial.

Painful Reflections follow'd ſtrong Surprize,
Till, loſt in Thought, I cloſ'd my languid Eyes.
The God of Sleep, (that Balm of Minds oppreſt,)
Waving his Poppy, lull'd me to my Reſt:
Around my Head illuſive Viſions fly,
Like mimic Clouds that paint a Summer Sky;
New Forms aſſuming ere the firſt are paſt,
Gender'd in Air, they melt away as faſt;
Mocking Life's Drama, wanton unconfin'd,
The vain Phantaſmas of a penſive Mind;
In Shapes groteſque fantaſtically play,
And wildly ape the Follies of the Day.

Methought, the *Siſter-Deſtinies* appear'd,
By Mortals dreaded, and by Gods rever'd.
Stern Atropos, in her capacious Urn,
The Fates of Kings and Nations ſeem'd to turn,
Her Book ſecreting in her myſtic Veil:
Britannia's *Genius* ey'd her, and turn'd pale;
As if too conſcious of impending Fate,
And that all Patriot Aids wou'd come too late.
Curſing the Cauſes of his ſhort-liv'd Reign,
He turn'd his tearful Eyes upon their Bane;

Where

Where (blaſting Hope) a *kingly Semblance* frown'd;
A Tyrant-Face in Tears of Childhood drown'd *;
Trembling at *One* who on his Scepter trod,
Spit on his Crown, and ſcar'd him with a *Rod*;
Confin'd the royal Baby to his Chair,
And bade him play with Crowns and Scepters there.
Shall *Kings* (ſaid I) be aw'd by vulgar Breath?
" Peace! Peace!" (cry'd *Scotland*'s *Genius*,) " That's *Macbeth!*
" Our *All in All!* our high and mighty *Thane!*
" Whoſe Pow'rs *once* reach'd beyond th' Atlantic Main;
" Still tributary *Nabobs* court his Nod,
" And with his royal Pupil he's a *God*.
" The Scepter, *jointly*, till of late, he bore,
" Till his lewd *Meſſalina* was no more.
" Since Millions joy'd to ſee that Wanton's Fate,
" *Macbeth* alone uſurps the Helm of State.
" Wou'd you this Idol of our Iſle ſurvey,
" Attend my Footſteps---*Famine* points your Way."

* That execrable, idiotic Tyrant, Ptolemy the *Third*, was more of a *Boy* than a Youth when he began to reign; and continued to be a ſulky *Boy*, and a *perſevering Tyrant*, throughout his odious and deſtructive Reign.—See Paterculus and Florus.

What

What Ovid ſung * upon my Mem'ry play'd:
A meagre Hag, in *Highland Garb* array'd;——
Lank, tho' high-fed; tho' cramm'd, rapacious ſtill;
Not ev'n the *Union* gives the Fiend her Fill.
Sunk in deep Sockets glar'd her greedy Eyes;
With open Talons graſping freſh Supplies,
Eager each *miniſterial* Scrap to clutch,
At all ſhe flew, and poiſon'd with a Touch.
Ingroſſing *all*, how ſelfiſhly ſhe ſmil'd!
While *home-bred* Harpies ſcorn'd what ſhe defil'd,
Diſguſted, when they ſaw *Corruption*'s Spot
Turn putrid from the Fing'ring of a *Scot*.
Stinted no more to what by Chance ſhe finds,
She ſwallow'd Dainties of a thouſand Kinds;
With high-ſauc'd Viands ſooth'd her craving Maw,
'Till Appetite increas'd from all it ſaw.
No Time for farther Speech,—but on ſhe ſteer'd,
Still gorging—Soon the *Iſle of Bute* appear'd:

* See that Poet's Deſcription of *Famine*, in his Metamorphoſis; but allow, gentle Reader, for the Difference of Times—ſhe was not *then* ſo well fed.

By

By no mean Fabrick now that odious Spot,
Which penſion'd *Johnſon* † has in Spleen forgot,
Seem'd prediſtinguiſh'd from the other Iſles,
Where Nature, not without Reluctance, ſmiles,
And, truly *Caledonian*, cheats the Eye
With *outward Show*, while Seeds *rebellious* lye
Conceal'd in ev'ry Weed and Flow'r that blows,
From the vile *Thiſtle* to the famiſh'd Roſe.

Where baleful Yews in ſullen Gloom o'erhung
An Acherontic Pit, and rudely flung
Their blaſted Arms athwart the yawning Dell;
Tremendous Cavern! where Man's Foe might dwell;
Where Witches, who reviſit Hecate's Haunt
For nightly Orders, might dig Mandrakes gaunt,
Potent Ingredients in the myſtic Charm
By Sympathy to work infernal Harm,

† *Samuel Johnſon*, Eſq; LL.D. formerly an acrimonious Author of many *anti-miniſterial*, but now a Scribbler of *miniſterial* Pamphlets--*Head Penſionary* of all *miniſterial Scribblers*. Some Time ago he publiſhed a moſt ridiculous Account of his Journey to the Weſtern Iſles of Scotland. Ought he not in Gratitude to have hedged in his Maſter *Bute*'s *Iſle* with more than ordinary Encomiums, though he had rambled ever ſo far about on Purpoſe? But, alas! he has, (on the contrary,) ungrateful as he is! often dared to expreſs his rebellious Deteſtation of his *Benefactor*, (Lord B-te,) vehemently declaring that he has made the former Hope of this Country *unpopular* and *odious*.——This is *true*; and the Man deſerves to have his *double* Penſion *trebled* only for this ſingle honeſt *Truth*. He has not, of late, been guilty of *any other*.

When thoſe foul Hags (in Poiſons faſt and ſlow
Well ſkill'd) in queſt of fatal Simples go;
Draw baleful Drops from the pale Moon's cold Ray,
Secure from the quick Eye of peering Day;
Beneath their Cauldron blow the livid Flame,
And, undiſcern'd, do Deeds without a Name:
There deadly Herbs in wild Profuſion grew,
And pois'nous Fruits hung tempting to the View;
Such as, by guilty Hoſts too often cropp'd,
In the Gueſt's Cup at treach'rous Feaſts are dropp'd:
With ſuch *Macbeth*'s great Anceſtor once drugg'd
The royal Poſſet, when old Duncan hugg'd
That Traytor to his unſuſpecting Breaſt,
And quaff'd from his falſe Hand eternal Reſt *:
Deeply emboſom'd in an aged Wood
Of noxious Juniper a Caſtle ſtood.
Still ſeem'd it not *Macbeth*'s:——The wild Demeſne
Ow'd its Allegiance to that wayward Queen
Of ev'ry treach'rous Breaſt, call'd INFAMY,
To whom Court-Minions bend the ſupple Knee.

* It is not certain whether Duncan, King of Scotland, was diſpatched by his *favourite Thane* with Poiſon, or the Dagger.

She

She from his Cradle nurs'd her fav'rite *Thane*,
And ſtill protects the Traytor in his Wane.
So whiſper'd in my Ear a ſervile Knight:
Some ſaid 'twas *C-lder* *; ſome, toad-eating *Wr-ght* †.
Here Architecture, join'd to Phidian Art,
With equal Dignity ſuſtain'd her Part.
Firmly ſhe roſe upon an Attic Baſe,
With Grandeur charm'd, and wanton'd with a Grace;
While nervous Sculpture all its Force diſplay'd,
And Clio‡ call'd the Chiſſel to her Aid.
Nor Baſtion here, nor high Courtine appear'd,
Nor Diſcipline's ſtern Voice was ever heard;
Through Embraſſures no pointed Cannons pry,
No Watch-Tow'r claims the Warder's wakeful Eye;
No ſpik'd Portcullis raſh Intruſion bars;
G-rm--ne might enter unappall'd by Scars.
Cowardice here each Enterprize might join,
Where Fraud alone achiev'd the baſe Deſign.

* A ſycophantic Knight at *Luton-Hoo*---the *Thane*'s chief Companion.

† That paltry Tool of *Luton-Hoo*, who by his *Other Account* has made it plainly appear that a moſt inſidious *Scotch Trap* was laid at *Luton-Hoo* for the late Lord Chatham.

‡ The Muſe that preſides over Hiſtory.

Here

Here *P-ll-ſ-r*'s Nativity was caſt,
By Fate precaution'd of a *rotten Maſt.*
Hither, with him, vaſt Crouds of *Minions* ſteer'd,
Whom Virtue's Scourge to INFAMY endear'd;
Whom injur'd Truth to Turpitude conſign'd;
The *loyal* Dregs and Outcaſts of Mankind †;
Whoſe Parents, of their flatt'ring Hopes beguil'd,
In the baſe Man bewail'd the darling Child,
When tamp'ring Guile ſtripp'd Virtue of its Bloom,
And Cenſure hiſs'd th' Apoſtates to their Tomb.
There *P-lt-n-y* rots, there *W-ſtc-te* ‡ ſoon ſhall reſt,
Curs'd by their Country, though with *Titles* bleſt.
Madneſs! with partial Fame to wage raſh War,
And barter Honour for a tinſel'd *Star.*

Here, worthy of Lyſippus, Statues ſpoke,
And from their Niches animated broke:
Such as for Alexander once he wrought;
Such as from vanquiſh'd Corinth Mummius brought;

† Among the reſt, a ſervile, treacherous, *miniſterial*, and *corrupt Majority*---thoſe *venal Briareuſes* with their *hundred Hands.*

‡ To this ſcheming Murderer of patriotic Virtue in *America*, methinks I hear her injured Genius cry out,—" Art thou the Brother of a departed L-t-l-t-n?—No!—

———" Sed duris genuit te Cautibus horrens
" Caucaſus, Hyrcanæq; admôrunt Ubera Tigres."

Ere

Ere warlike Rome began to be refin'd;
Ere *Taſte* emaſculated *Virtue*'s Mind.
Rome's Senators firſt felt its wild Alarms,
Purſu'd Virtù, and left their Sabine Farms.
Inſtead of Cots, proud Palaces apace
Shot up, and Brothels wore a ſplendid Face;
Each Conſcript Father ſcorn'd his well-thatch'd Home,
And *Taſte* made one great Bawdy-Houſe of Rome.
Thus, in the Pile which my ſtrange Dreams amaſs'd,
Superb *Virtù* poetic Thought ſurpaſs'd.
Th' embelliſh'd Front, that fed my curious Eyes,
Hid its Embattlements amidſt the Skies;
Embattlements for Ornament, not Uſe;
Where energetic Sculpture ſeem'd profuſe.
Louring Perdition, in Corinthian Braſs,
Three Forms horrific crown'd the ſtately Maſs:
Grim Odin's Handmaids—*Gunna* †, in her Car
Exulting, blew the furious Blaſt of War;
Malignant *Rota* ſhook her ſnakey Head,
Grinn'd inſtant Death, and ſnapp'd the fatal Thread;

† *Odin* was a Saxon King, terrible in War. *Gunna*, *Rota*, and *Skullda*, are celebrated by ancient Poets as his Handmaids. They were the *Fates* of the northern Nations.

While *Skullda* dealt out Slaughter as ſhe flew,
And drank the Blood her brandiſh'd Falchion drew.
The wide-expanded Portals were uprear'd
By Titans, Sons of Earth, whom Jove once fear'd.
Their impious Darings *Kings* ſtill emulate,
From *Fathers* riſing *Typhons* of the State;
And, by Alecto with Ambition ſtung,
Defy the plaſtic Hand * from which they ſprung.
Here Rome's worſt Tyrant †, with a Pinto's ‡ Fire,
In Marble moſt auguſtly ſweeps his Lyre;
Lets flaming Ruin looſe on rapid Wings,
And, deaf to Shrieks and Lamentations, *ſings*.
By no *remonſtrant Supplications* ſtay'd,
Potent as Jove's, his ſacred Will's obey'd;
Through Palaces and Fanes his Terrors fly;
Heav'n is defy'd, and guiltleſs Subjects dye.
Soon as on Gods and Man this Inſult's paſt,
The *pious* Hypocrite proclaims a *Faſt*.
Then muſt ſurviving Innocence atone
For ſuch deep Crimes as Tyrants dare not own;

* The *People's*. † Nero. ‡ A celebrated Muſician.

Then

Then Prieſts on Heav'n in impious Mock'ry call,
And make *ſuch Faſts* the greateſt Crimes of all.
One Pair, high-finiſh'd, but obſcene to view,
Reminded me how Vice once rag'd at K—:
Ev'n Phidias in a Style ſo warm might tell
The Loves of *Mortimer* and *Iſabel**.
This royal Harlot, with Cotytto's† Guſt,
In her *Pagoda* ſacrific'd to Luſt.
That Temple's Heights no Pryers cou'd Inſpect;
Myſterious Symbol!—ſtately and erect!
Religious Type of am'rous Fauna's‡ Pride,
By Virgins fear'd, by Matrons deify'd.
There, with almighty Gold, and Philtres hot,
She ſtimulated her adult'rous *Scot* §.
This Traytor wiſh'd (for Vice can court Renown)
To ſubſtitute an Heir for England's Crown:

* In the Reigns of Edward the Second and Third.

† The Goddeſs of Turpitude and Obſcenity.

‡ The Bona Dea of Rome. At her nocturnal Rites a *Membrum virile* was exhibited in a myſtic Box, and honoured with divine Worſhip by the Roman Matrons. The Chineſe *Pagoda* has, at a Diſtance, an Appearance much reſembling that of the ſacred Contents of Fauna's myſtic Box.

§ *Roger Mortimer*, who was intimate with the abandoned *Iſabel* even in her royal Conſort's Life-Time.

That

That Traytreſs jointly with her Minion reign'd,
And *Edward*'s * Honours in the Bud reſtrain'd;
From Majeſty ſtole all its rightful Fame,
Curs'd her own Offspring with an abject Name;
And, of her luſty Paramour ſecure,
In England's Love made England's Sov'reign poor.
Th' imperious Dame, whom Love's mad Oeſtron ſtung,
By Nature vicious, loathſome, yet not young;
By Art unſweeten'd, her Complexion bought,
An Antidote to each laſcivious Thought;
Yet proud of conſcious Rank, with Beck auguſt
Call'd forth her venal Mate to quench her Luſt:
With well-feign'd Ardour the foul Feaſt he ſpy'd,
And, like a *Scot*, his ſtrong Diſguſt bely'd;
Eagerly ſpringing to ſeize Paſſion's Bane,
He prov'd what Wretches could endure for *Gain*.
Into loath'd Arms th' athletic Hireling flew,
Wing'd by the Recompence he kept in View,
As gallant as *Lothario* †, and as true.

* Edward's the Third—Iſabel's Son.

† See a late Poem called the *Favourite*.

Syrian

Syrian *Aſſaſſins* * here, with ſtudy'd Guile,
Aſſum'd the fatal *Palliſerian* Smile;
There Tyrants, whoſe foul Crimes were little known,
Outliv'd their Annals in recording Stone.
O! may the Sculptors of this Age convey
To future Times the Tyrants of our Day!
Each dark, deſpotic Feature trace with Care,
Which hir'd Hiſtorians may be brib'd to ſpare!
With ideotic Grin diſtort that Face
Which rarely ſmiles but at a Realm's Diſgrace †;
With heart-felt Pleaſure fill that vacant Eye,
Which never brightens but when Patriots dye;
Or when a ravag'd Province, in a Blaze,
Draws from its ſtupid Orb vindictive Rays.
Let *pious* Log the royal Groupe begin;
Let pois'ning *Pruſſia* ‡ teach one frugal Sin

* A People of Syria ſo called.—Nicetas calls them *Chaſians*; who, at the firſt Nod or Intimation of their King, murder all whom he wiſhes to have diſpatched.

† At Invaſions, &c.

‡ This royal Œconomiſt (it is ſaid) diſpatches by Poiſon ſuch wounded Soldiers as are likely to become burthenſome to his Army and his Treaſury.

To Kings; let *Cath'rine* Jezebel outſhine,
And Ruſſians own her *Cauſtics** were *divine.*
Turning aſide from this degen'rate Age,
Mute *Hiſt'ry* view'd with Sighs her blotted Page;
Falſehood ſhe ſcorn'd, yet bluſh'd ſad Truths to ſay;
Burſt into Tears, and flung her Pen away.
She ſaw a *Scotch Cabal* Submiſſion claim,
And *Tyranny* uſurp the royal Name:
She ſaw falſe Politics in Pulpits ſhine,
She heard Court-Lectures read on *Right Divine*;
Where *Filmer*'s Principles, ſupplanting *Locke*'s,
Conducted Fools from Civil Broils to *Blocks.*
She found no Cauſe for Hope, ſtrong Grounds for Fear,
And left ſuch Times to Writers like *Shebbeare.*
I ſaw *one Noble,* with unfeeling Heart,
Too meanly play the low Plebeian's Part:
There Ch----rf--ld his dying Tutor ey'd,
Nor from the Gallows turn'd his Head aſide;
Yet Sorrow feign'd, till *Luxury* drew near,
And, whiſp'ring, thus addreſs'd th' inhuman Peer:

* Alas, poor *Peter!*—It is ſaid, and generally believed, that he was diſpatched by a red-hot Iron.

" *Compaſſion*'s

" *Compaſſion*'s Weakneſs the firm Mind diſdains;
" *Nero*, for Sport, lanc'd his old Tutor's † Veins:
" Then let not one forc'd Tear diſgrace your Cheek—
" What hang'd your *Friend* ‡, will keep a *Whore* a Week."

Shock'd I beheld Caprice turn Engliſh Peers
To Gamblers, Coachmen, Grooms, and *Cricketeers*.
D-rby ſeem'd *batting*; and *Georgina* flew
To catch the Ball that am'rous D-rſ-t threw.

Ward, Waters, Chartres §, here were amply curſt
With Bags, whoſe Sides diſtended ſeem'd to burſt;
While *Uſury*, with calculating Head,
Lent out her raſcal Counters as they bred;
And *Av'rice* pry'd, with Barnacles clapp'd on,
To find raw Boys like H-pkins's *Sir John* ‖.

There H-rl-y ſeem'd to feel his Hopes ſtrike root,
Keen in the Reſcue of th' inſulted *Boot* ¶.

† Seneca, the Philoſopher and Preceptor of that Tyrant.

‡ About 300l. The reſt was either paid, or ready to be paid.

§ See Mr. Pope's Satires and Epiſtles, where theſe Vultures are immortalized.

‖ Whether this H-pkins is any Relation to Mr. Pope's *Vulture Hopkins*, the Author does not know; but ſuch a Tranſaction as is here hinted at gave Riſe to a late excellent Act of Parliament againſt thoſe Uſurers who purchaſe *Annuities*, and drive other crafty Bargains with young Heirs in their Minority.

¶ The glorious Achievement here alluded to is ſtill remembered with Ridicule and Contempt in the City of London, but it has gained the little boxing *Lord-Mayor* at leaſt 500,000l. in *Jobs*, *Contracts*, &c.

Knee-

Knee-deep in Mud, encount'ring *whiggiſh* Mobs,
He ſmil'd to ſee Zeal bloſſom into *Jobs*;
To find *fat Contracts* from a Kennel ſpring,
And think what grov'ling Merits charm a K---.
From Robes of Scarlet Time may wipe ſome Stains;
But that which ſoils the *Magiſtrate*, remains.

Immers'd in W-ym--th's Claret L-nch * was ſeen:
What then?—his *Secretary*'s at Turin.
Happy Invention this of State-Douceurs!
When Courts make *Embaſſies* mere *Sinecures*,
To Picture-Brokers *Penſions* can afford,
And hire Buffoons to hiccup with my Lord.
Can N-rt-n † think ſuch *Sinecures* amiſs,
Though he ſhou'd ne'er negotiate with the *Swiſs*?
Snugger at Home, combining with *Premiers*,
Than to be freezing near Aar's Glaciers ‡;
In England to be threat'ning *Yankee-Scalps*,
Than from Berne's Canton climbing craggy Alps.

* When this Piece was written Lord *Mountſtuart* (Lord *Bute*'s Son) was not appointed Embaſſador to Turin.

† Envoy to the *Swiſs Cantons*, forſooth.—Why not to Nova Zembla?

‡ Mountains and Valleys of Ice, ſo called, near the River Aar, in Swiſſerland.

Next

Next I remark'd how R-b-nſon's * quick Eye
Controll'd the *penſion'd, plac'd,* expectant Fry:
Amy-tt, as yet, he thought ſcarce worth his Pains,
So threw the golden Morſel to D-v-ynes.
At his ſhrewd Look, his pregnant Nod, or Wink,
The Spirits of all Parties riſe or ſink.
Ev'n proud N-rth-mb--l--d obeys his Laws,
Who like Jove freezes, and like Phœbus thaws;
Now with a Blaſt repentant Fools congeals,
And now lights loyal Kn-ves to better Meals;
M--lb---gh ſubdues, lifts Str-tt above Rebuke,
Now palms a *Mealman*, and now wins a *Duke.*

Here, like a Wolf, mean Ph-pps extends his Paw;
There for a Sop Dick C--ſtes † prepares his *Maw.*
While Ell-s, big with Self-Importance, proves
That Day is Day, Night Night——then gravely moves
The *previous Queſtion*——As a Spaniel tame,
He knows *B-te*'s Voice, and anſwers to his Name:
By Blandiſhments and gentleſt Means well broke,
He's much too ſteady to deſerve a Stroke.

* A well-known *Secretary.*
† This miniſterial Cypher is known by the Nick-Name of *Maw-Cr-ſtes.*

Thus train'd, *Corruption*'s Pimps our Patriots ſet,
And, crouching, point for N--th to throw the Net.
Innumerable *Scots*, in hard-fac'd Groupes,
With *Aye* and *No* appear'd to join B-te's Troops:
Some in Head-Quarters made Britannia groan;
Some, ſharper ſet, preſs'd N--th for t'other *Loan*.
Here *L-iths*, *Macdonalds*, *Fullertons*, all *ſerve*;
For *Caledonian Virtue* cannot *ſtarve*.
Anxious to catch each miniſterial Crumb,
Staunch as *L-roche*, at *Whigs* ſhe bites her Thumb;
With rav'nous Jaws round all her Feeders creeps,
Hung'ring; yet kecking at her native *Neeps* *.
See F--rf-rd on his Sire for *Wiſdom* pitch,
And worſhip B-mb-r G-ſc-yne for a *Witch*.
B-ller in *ſecret Service* feels his Gain,
While M-rr-ce bores to find Corruption's *Vein* †;
Found, he purſues it to the *Rither Point* †,
And laughs to ſee Old England out of Joint.
Next, ſleek *Sir Gr-y*, when ſlabb'ring N--th blurts *Jokes*,
With Wonder notes his Lordſhip's *Attic* Strokes;

* *Turnips*, the natural Fruit of *Scotland*, and the *choiceſt* before the *Union*.

† Terms in *Mining*, well underſtood in the *Stannaries*.

Fans

Fans him, like *Gnatho* *, with ſoft Flatt'ry's Gale,
Gives him apt Hints for *Speeches* by Retail;
Mimics his Maſter's Follies in all Shapes,
And thrives by thoſe Abſurdities he apes;
With paraſitic Patience ſeems to ſit,
Charm'd by his Lordſhip's Common-Place of Wit;
In a choice Manual digeſts his Puns,
And circulates 'em with a Laugh that ſtuns.

With Pain I ſaw *Corruption*'s tamp'ring Hand
Attempt to feel the Pulſe of Amy-nd.
N—th and Sir Gr-y aſſur'd her 'twas in vain:
Sir R-lph ſtood near—they bid her turn to P-yne;
Or N-g-nt, whoſe glib Tongue on *Blunders* rolls;
Or O-gl-y †, once ordain'd to carry *Coals*;
Or Nabob Str-tt-n, who lets out his Breath
To vote for *Taxes*, *Tyranny*, and *Death*.

Ador'd by Slaves in Court-Dependence plac'd,
The Parian Frontiſpiece *Corruption* grac'd;

* A Toad-eating, ſycophantic Character, admirably drawn by Terence in his Comedy called the Eunuch.

† His *new-made Lordſhip* was the Heir apparent to a Retailer of *Coals*, and ſerved a Clerkſhip to a ſmall Attorney in the Strand. Methinks I hear his Lordſhip cry out,—"Hear, Sirrah! learn to teach your Tongue "the Title the King has thought fit to honour me with."

Her

Her right Hand tamper'd with Sir *Alec*'s * Palm,
Her left contain'd the *panaceal* Balm.
One Foot ſpurn'd *Ciceronian* † *Ambl-r*'s Buſt,
The other trod on puzzle-pated C-ſt:
Wiſe Senators!—as impotent as R-us;
Scarce qualify'd for Tellers of the Houſe.
One graſps at Offals with a Vulture's Gripe,
And one ſubmits to be N--th's *Conduit-Pipe* ‡,
Aſſiduous, for his Pittance, to convey
Streams which are fit to paſs no other Way.
Yet, on poor *Tully* be not too ſevere,
My Muſe, but let his Merits all appear:
Ev'n Genius from his Parts ſome Aid cou'd reap;
Night after Night he read *one Wit* § to ſleep.

* A noted, beggarly, *Scotch* Knight, for ever craving.

† "When *Tully* riſes to ſpeak," (ſaid the late Lord Northington,) "it is all over with me."

‡ The Anecdote here alluded to is well remembered by many Gentlemen at the Chancery Bar. Counſellor C-ſt happened to be made a Party, merely for Conformity, as a *Truſtee* to a Bill in Equity. *Truſtees*, in the common Language of Chancery, are called and deemed but mere *Conduit-Pipes* for carrying the *Truſtor*'s Intentions into Execution. Mr. C. was ſo charged and *called* in the Bill. He put in his Anſwer, declared he was *no* Conduit-Pipe; that he diſdained and abhorred ſo foul an Imputation; and hoped that this ignominious and aſperſive Part of the Bill ſhould be referred to a Maſter, and expunged for *Scandal*. Upon this Occaſion the Court of Chancery reſounded with Laughter, and continues ſtill to ſmile as often as Mr. C-ſt's Tye-Wig appears.

§ This Fact is well remembered by the late *Charles Churchill*'s Friends.

On

On Dolts like theſe *Corruption* glanc'd Diſdain;
She looks but cool, unleſs ſhe hopes to *gain*.
She gluts with copious Floods her ableſt Tools,
But like a grudging Parent ſuckles *Fools*.
Therefore on Slaves, ſo mean, ſhe ſeem'd to tread,
And threw ſome *Lott'ry-Tickets* at their Head.

Next in full Levee, proud of her high Rank,
Hung round with Leaves juſt iſſu'd from the Bank,
In all her Glory this falſe Fiend * ſtood forth,
Fell *Succubus* of Walpole, nurs'd by N--th!
She with theſe airy Spells her Servants fills;
For what is more aerial than *Bank-Bills?*
By airy *Ayes* and *Nos* the Land's betray'd;
With Air, in Turn, the Traytors are repaid;
Paper Douceurs, by *Placemen* juſtly prais'd,
State Succedaneums for Convenience rais'd,
That Bribes *in Specie* may not crowd his Gate
Who pimps politically for the State.
Hence on lank *Scots* Apician Dainties flow,
Hence *Solo* † *Str-tt's* inſpir'd with *Aye* and *No*.

* *Miniſterial Corruption.*

† In Admiral Keppel's Caſe, when the whole Houſe of Commons agreed to return Thanks to the Admiral for his Services, and Congratulations on his Acquittal from the Snare laid for him by Sir *Hugh Pallifer* and his Abettors, this *Malden Hero* played off a *Solo* in his firſt Attempt at a Speech, in Oppoſition to the general Senſe of that Houſe.

As Sol's warm Touch made Memnon's Statue *ſpeak*,
N--th makes Str-tt's Cymbal tinkle, though 'tis *weak*.
Hence, burſt with Spleen, he once brought forth his *Mouſe*,
And held up one Fool's Hand againſt an *Houſe*;
Againſt *both* Parties dar'd alone *divide*,
Unbiaſs'd, and attach'd to neither Side.
Firm as a Roman, viewing *Faction*'s Breach,
He try'd to cloſe it with a *Maiden-Speech*:
As if from *Curtius* he deriv'd his Blood,
Plunging, and flound'ring, *for his Country's Good*.
Though not with like Succeſs, with equal Force,
The *Roman*, and the *Mealman*, ſpurr'd his Horſe.
Rome with Amazement ſaw her *Curtius* cruſh'd;
Str-tt pranc'd—Sir *Fletcher* (who'd believe it?)—*bluſh'd*.

Here ſkulk'd *Ingratitude* among the reſt
Of thoſe foul Fiends that haunt the Courtier's Breaſt.
Her gay, bold Face conceal'd a Dæmon's Heart,
Skill'd as *Sir Hugh* to play a *Sinon*'s* Part;
To ev'ry Caledonian Virtue true;
The reigning Deity at *Luton-Hoo*.

* A treacherous Grecian Villain, who by *Forgery*, *Perjury*, and well-fabricated *Lies*, procured the Deſtruction of Troy. He was inſtigated by *Calchas*, the *Jemmy Twitcher* of that Time.—V. VIRGIL.

There

There ſhe conſpires againſt the Commonweal,
Dupes her *Superior*, who wants Senſe to *feel*;
In Spite of Bounties ſhow'r'd and ſhow'ring down,
Robs him of what he leaſt can miſs——*Renown*;
Inſults him with that Rod his Mother made,
And ſmothers his weak Virtues in her *Plaid*.

By fraudful *Scots* improv'd, from Tyrians * ſprung,
There fawn'd *Duplicity*, with double Tongue,
And Aſpect ſo ambiguous, ſhe might paſs
For baſe D-lr-mple, or verboſe D-nd-s.
This for rank *Pop'ry* and *Starvation* clear,
Scorn'd by his Country no leſs inſincere;
That an hiſtoric, miniſterial Drudge,
Recruiting Serjeant, *Pamphleteer*, and *Judge*;
Who to defame a *Ruſſel* † coin'd a *Lye*,
And for a *Stuart* wou'd do all but—*dye*.

* Tyrioſque *bilingues*.——VIRG.

† The great and truly patriotic Lord Ruſſel, who fell a Sacrifice to a *Court Faction* in the infamous Reign of *Jammy* the Second.—Of the *Lye* alluded to, this *Jacobitical* Tool has been clearly and repeatedly convicted in Print, particularly by *Lady Ruſſel's Letters*. It tended (under Pretence of a Support from authentic *Scotch* Manuſcripts forſooth) to prove Lord Ruſſel guilty of *traitorous Duplicity* to his Country. What Wonder that the Memory of ſuch a Patriot ſhould be odious to all *Scotchmen* in ſuch Times as theſe? Brand but a *Patriot* (though a *dead one*) by *Forgery*, or *Perjury*, and you gain a *Penſion*.

Again

Again I gaz'd, and ev'ry famiſh'd Grace
Of Feature ſhifted into J--nſt-ne's Face.
In him each *Tool*'s Epitome ſhe caught;
Whig, Tory, Yankey, Engliſhman, and Scot:
This Hour with *North*, the next with *Fox* ally'd,
By Fits the *Country* and the *Court* he ply'd;
To-day for *Keppel*, till a clearer View
Of *Int'reſt* reconcil'd him to *Sir Hugh:*
A Patriot, far as *Self* extends, right-wiſe;
Awake to ev'ry gainful Enterprize:
Now for Gold-Sand the *Tagus* he'll explore,
Now bribe a *Congreſs*, and now bilk their *Whore* *.
Again, methought, *Duplicity*'s falſe Lines,
Characteriſtic of the worſt Deſigns,
Were outrag'd into M-lg--ve's vulgar Caſt,
As *rotten* as his Friend Sir Hugh's *Fore-Maſt:*
For no one Sphere but faithleſs Ocean's made,
He libels that firm Virtue he *betray'd* †;

* The World is in full Poſſeſſion of the Story of the *Sempronia* of the American Congreſs; and the *whole* of that intereſting Anecdote, which will immortalize our *privateering Patriot* for *Duplicity*, will be ſoon laid ſtill more open to the Public.

† The *Minority*.

Foul

Foul as *Therſites* * in his groſs Attack
Of Friends on whom he baſely turn'd his Back.
How well attach'd to Truth that *Tool* appears,
Who "*ſcorns the Evidence of Eyes and Ears!*" †
Lur'd by *Corruption*, from *Conviction* turns,
And hugs thoſe Traytors whom his *Conſcience* ſpurns!
With cautious, heſitating Step, behind
Duplicity came *Treachery*, leſs kind;
A Siſter-Fiend, which *Fraud* to *Treaſon* bore;
A Fiend, which Stateſmen curſe, and yet adore.
By them, when *needful Murder* is in View,
This Hag's employ'd and penſion'd like *Sir H-gh.*
But, ſhou'd ſhe rouze, and not deſtroy the Game,
Her black Commiſſion terminates in Shame;
Then ſhe herſelf (whom Furies overtake
At laſt) becomes that Victim ſhe wou'd make;
With no one Party *Confidence* ſhe ſhares;
Her Face with Peſtilence and Famine glares;
And, while her Eye on *Maſſacres* ſhe turns,
Her haggard Viſage ſhocks like W-dd-rb-rne's.

* Read his late Billingſgate Speeches in the H. of C——.

† So this *miniſterial* Declaimer had the Effrontery to declare, in one of his late mercenary Speeches.—He heard of this again ſufficiently from Colonel Barré.

Calling *Hypocriſy* to back her Suit,
(That Court-Hyæna, nurs'd by crafty B-te,)
Y-rke's * Firmneſs with prevailing Tears ſhe try'd,
Then laugh'd to ſee *Shame* end in *Suicide*.

Next *Fraud* the Pride of puff'd up *Peerage* hurts,
Diſguis'd in Patches ſnipp'd from *Seamens Shirts*;
Abridging Hunger with her thrifty Knife,
Pinching Half-Ounces from the *Staff of Life* †,
Robbing the Spittal, ſhe inſults *Relief*,
And toothleſs Age, by Contracts for *Bull-Beef* ‡;
Into Soup-meagre boils the Hoofs and Hides,
And *Bailey* §, with his String of *Thefts*, derides.
Now Albion's *Navy* ev'ry Inſult feels,
Why ſhou'd its Vet'rans riot at their Meals?
Why wiſh that *Honeſty* ſhou'd outlive *Fame*,
When *Peers* can emulate a *Dignam*'s ‖ Name?

* The late Mr. Charles Y-rke, the deluded *Chancellor* of a few Hours.

† Small Loaves of Bread.

‡ This ſhameful Fact Mr. *Melliſh*, the worthy *Contractor*, has ſufficiently proved to the Public on his *Examination*.

§ The honeſt Captain Bailey, of *Greenwich Hoſpital*, who was diſcountenanced, brow-beaten, and overcome, by the *miniſterial* Book of *Numbers*.

‖ A celebrated *Pick-Pocket*, who is now working on board the *Ballaſt-Lighter* for the *Good of his Country*. Might not *Twitcher* be worthy to relieve him? But, alas!

"Ille *Crucem*, Pretium *Sceleris* tulit, hic *Diadema*."

Ah,

Ah, *Dignam!* hadſt thou underſtood thy Trade,
As deep as *Twitcher*'s had thy Schemes been laid;
Above *Detection*'s ſcrutinizing Art,
Thou mightſt defy the *Lighter* and the *Cart*,
Unaw'd by Scourges, Pillories, or Stocks;
And ſmile at *Ropes*, as *Twitcher* ſmiles at *Blocks*.

Here keen *Taxation* flaſh'd her Eye o'er Earth,
O'er Seas, through Air, to give Invention Birth;
By ev'ry Means her Purpoſe to obtain,
She turns the very Elements to Gain,
And, like a Tyrant, interdicts their Uſe:
Reſtrain'd at Will, for Gold again let looſe,
Kind Nature's Gifts are granted or deny'd,
As *Bounties* ſwell the tributary Tide.
Methought, *Veſpaſian**, who ſunk all he glean'd
From this inſatiable, rapacious Fiend,
In royal Prodigality, (whoſe Wants
Are ever larger than the largeſt *Grants*,)
Stood, with his frowning Lictors near, to lop
That Head where *Bounty*'s Current dar'd to ſtop;

* This tender, œconomical Father of *Taxation* laid a Tax upon human Excrement, and, feeling his Increaſe of Revenue, cried out in Raptures,---" Dulcis Odor *Lucri* ex re *quâlibet!*"---holding the Money raiſed by this Tax to his Son Titus's Noſe.

Yet,

Yet, deeply pierc'd with *Gratitude*'s juſt Senſe,
From *Freedom* begg'd a *free Benevolence* *;
Griev'd † thus to aſk, but paſt Conception pain'd,
To think a *Parent*'s Faſces might be ſtain'd
With filial Blood in wringing out *Supplies*;
That Stripes muſt huſh a *faithful* Daughter's Cries;
That royal Hands alone, which Prieſts anoint ‡,
Can ſet the Times to rights when out of Joint;
That Force muſt make *bad* Governments ſeem *good*,
While Fools for Kings draw Water and hew Wood,
Artfully dup'd ſubmit to Flatt'ry's Stroke,
And, coax'd by *Hypocrites*, receive the Yoke
Like Beaſts of Burthen, till it weighs 'em down——
Theſe are the Pains that moſt afflict a *Crown!*

* An unconſtitutional, illegal Mode of raiſing Money, adopted by that obſtinate, weak, rapacious, and deſigning Tyrant, Charles the Firſt.

† All the Speeches of hypocritical, profligate Tyrants, by Advice of their prime Counſellors and Favourites, contain ſome ſuch wheedling Strokes as theſe, when the Enemy is at the Gate; but when their Fears are over, they reſume the domineering Style of Eaſtern Deſpots to their Slaves. The Author has given a little Specimen of each;---though he deſpairs of equalling the Wit and Spirit of a late one, which ſneered in *Metaphor* at the Complaints of Subjects, obſerving that a Diſtemper was again broke out among the *horned Cattle*---i. e. the Citizens of no mean City.

‡ At the Inauguration of Kings the Palm of the Hand is touched as well as the Wriſts with the conſecrated Oil. Perhaps this ſacerdotal Touch may fix an *Itching* there for Life.

With

With Reaſon too---*rich* Subjects can't be *well*---
'Twas *Wealth* that made America *rebel.*
Had ſhe ſubmitted to be *tax'd* and drain'd,
This Ferment in her Blood had been reſtrain'd;
But now, in *Reaſon*'s truſty Armour clad,
She laughs at *Quacks* who dare pronounce her *mad*;
At length, alas! too well ſhe ſeems to know
Her *Doctors* are politically ſo.

Next, mean *Revenge*, with *Honour*'s pilfer'd Wreath
Unjuſtly crown'd, Deſtruction ſeem'd to breathe
O'er all her trembling Slaves; who, crouching down,
With *Gotham* at their Head, ador'd her Frown;
Watch'd and rever'd her proud, inſulting Beck,
Bowing beneath her Feet with proſtrate Neck.
Revenge (glum Tyrant!) ſtill with ſanguine Eye
Selected out the * *richeſt* Fools to dye,
Proudly ſurvey'd her tributary Ranks,
And with a *Stab* † return'd her *royal Thanks.*

* The *richeſt* Subjects have ever moſt attracted the Envy of rapacious Kings. King James the Firſt ſaid of the rich Duke of Beaufort, "What "a *braw* fat *Traytor* that *Mon* will make?"

† To the Vitals of that Country which foſters this deſpotic Fiend.

PART II.

NOW, ent'ring the vaſt Hall, I made a Stand,
Aw'd by a Sight ſo barbarouſly grand;
Where ſavage Pride broke forth in Gothic State,
And all was moſt irregularly great.
Diſdaining ev'ry Rule that ſeem'd to bind,
Imperial Grandeur ſcorn'd to be confin'd;
Deſpotic Pomp diſplay'd itſelf in Coſt,
But, wand'ring far from Elegance, was loſt.
Declarative of *Guilt* yet unaton'd,
Spoils from rich *Nabobs*, murder'd or dethron'd,
Trophies and Banners won by Theft and Fraud,
Or Means too baſe for Virtue to applaud,
In many a Row with martial Skill arrang'd,
Proclaim'd Man's ſimple, honeſt Nature chang'd;
Who now for Gold, that Canker of the Mind,
By *Charter* ſeem'd let looſe on all his Kind;
Forming againſt States innocent and free,
One great Banditti, call'd a *Company*;

Whoſe

Whoſe Armies o'er the Seas for Booties roam,
To fill *Guilt*'s Spunge for B-te to ſqueeze at Home:
Leeches, who toil for Blood but to diſgorge
Their fatt'ning Tributes at the Feet of G-----,
Or pour among N--th's Dogs (a craving Pack!)
Such copious Streams as Hounds *hard-run* may lack.
Thus Stateſmen drain weak *Gotham* for her *Good*,
And to abate her Fever waſte her Blood:
Each *Quack* for *Ways and Means* his Genius racks,
And keeps her temp'rate by perpetual *Tax*.
Th' hiſtoric Walls with painted Story glow'd,
Which all the Baſeneſs of paſt Ages ſhew'd,
In each ſucceſſive Æra duly rang'd,
Till to our own the pregnant Scene was chang'd.
Mix'd with plebeian, *royal* Plagues occurr'd,
From *pious* Nimrod down to Log the *Third*.
Bold Knaves in Ermine, Rags, and Furs appear;
At laſt *Sir H-gh* limps *crippled* in the *Rear*,
A Subaltern's reſpectful Diſtance keeps,
And *Merit* * from firm *Diſobedience* reaps.

* See the Sentence of the Court-Martial on *Sir H-gh Palliſer*.

D'Orvilliers

D'*Orvilliers* † thanks him for his friendly Play,
Spreads his triumphant ‡ Sails, and ſcuds away,
While *Treachery*, ſecure of *royal Thanks*,
With *Gotham*'s Monarch as a Fav'rite ranks.
Thus Infamy's worſt Wounds Court-Smiles can cure,
And V-ll--ns ſtab, ſuborn'd by a *Douceur*.

Here mimic Art preſented brave G--m--ne
Mounted in gallant Show on *Minden*'s Plain;
Where Mars ſaw lily-liver'd Terror ſpeak
Diſmay in quiv'ring Lips and Linen-Cheek;
Bid *Sloper* § mark the Daſtard's trembling Hand,
That ſhrunk from Victory and *Ferdinand*,
And blaſted all thoſe Triumphs he had plann'd.
Ye Annaliſts! to *Truth* alone incline;
Then paint the *firſt of Auguſt fifty-nine* ‖.

† Commander of the inſulting French Fleet on the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1778.

‡ At the ſame Inſtant that Sir *Hugh Palliſer* was accuſing Admiral Keppel for ſuffering the French Fleet to *run away*, D'Orvilliers was receiving Thanks from his Maſter, and all France was ſinging Te Deum for a *Victory* over the Engliſh Fleet.

§ Upon an ever-memorable Occaſion this gallant Officer's Deſcription of *Cowardice* was exceedingly ſtrong and pointed.—See the Trial.

‖ Lord G—— may remember that the ever-memorable Battle of *Minden* might have been *better fought* on that diſgraceful Day.—Blot it from the Engliſh Calendar, my Lord, for Shame!

Fame

Fame dropp'd her Wreath, aſtoniſh'd at the Sight,
But Fortune rais'd her Child again to light.
Lo! in another Canvas he breathes Fate's
Worſt Doom, ev'n *Death*, on *thirteen injur'd States*,
Threat'ning Deſtruction---To confirm his Word,
He draws his *Gooſe-Quill*, ſharper than his *Sword*;
And, ſafely in the *Cabinet* enſhrin'd,
Sends Deſolation forth to plague Mankind.
Thus *modeſt* Heroes at a Diſtance blow
The Flames of War, but *bluſh* to meet a Foe.
*Luttrell!** once more launch all thy Thunders forth,
Aſtound this Daſtard, and proclaim his Worth,
Till G----- ſhakes off ſuch Vermin from his Train,
And Maids of Honour titter at G--m--ne;
Till Fame ſtrikes out the Recreant from her Page,
And Scorn o'erwhelms him in the Vale of Age.
Treſilian† next, preparing for *Defence*
Againſt combin'd *Invaſion* ſhou'd commence,

* Mr. Temple Luttrell, who ſignalized himſelf ſo meritoriouſly a little while ago in the Houſe of Commons againſt a certain American Incendiary high in Confidence and Office.

† A buſy, meddling, time-ſerving, infamous, and traitorous Chief-Juſtice of the King's Bench, who was hanged in the Reign of Richard II.

Unfiniſh'd * dropp'd an *Edict* from his Hand
For ſtarving *Friend* and *Foe* throughout the Land.
That French and Spaniards with no Aids might meet,
Subjects were ſtrictly order'd not to *eat*;
But, when the Enemy appear'd in Sight,
To *faſt* with Patience till 'twas time to *fight*:
The beſt Expedient *Wiſdom* cou'd invent,
Supported in *Gazettes* † by *Precedent*.
'Tis ſaid—'tis done—*Obedience* is enjoin'd—
Water's permitted, Bread and Cheeſe *eloign'd* ‡.
At Brooks our Soldiers ſtill their Faſt may break,
But ſigh in vain for Griſkins, or a Steak.
Strange Counteraction of each warlike Member,
This Interdiction of all Belly-Timber!
Hard Caſe! yet *Edicts* now muſt be obey'd,
And to *Starvation* all muſt lend their Aid;

* *Unfiniſhed* it certainly was: it only ſhewed how unprepared, how weak, how confuſed, and puſillanimous Adminiſtration was, who reſted all the Defence of a Kingdom upon driving away Proviſions from the Coaſt, *according to Precedent*.

† Long and numerous Files of *Gazettes* were ranſacked for this wiſe Expedient.

‡ A *Law-Term*---not improper here, we hope, as one of the firſt Lawyers in the Kingdom projected the wiſe Expedient for driving away all Cattle, and carrying off all Proviſions, upon the firſt Appearance of the Enemy.—The Sheriff returns to the Court that Cattle are *eloigned* when they are driven off the Premiſſes into another Bailywick, ſo that they can't be diſtrained or replevyed by him.

For

For *Gotham*'s Intereſt run ev'ry Length,
Learn how to fight without the Means of Strength;
Aſſiſt to make "*Sic Jubeo**" take Root,
Inſtead of *Statute-Laws*; and execute
A *Proclamation*—and *themſelves* to boot.

Here *Philip* † liſt'ning to his *Alva* ‡ ſtood,
And ſaw his Subjects fall in Fields of Blood;
Deſpiſing *Right*, contending but for *Pow'r* §,
Invoking Mars and Atè to devour
Whole Provinces in murd'rous War involv'd,
Till juſt *Reſiſtance* all his Claims diſſolv'd,
Her *independent* Standard boldly wav'd,
The Tyrant's wanton Thunders nobly brav'd,
And Nature's Rights from Violation ſav'd.
Thus Heav'n incens'd on Deſpots Shame can bring:
"*Heav'n never made a People for a King,*

* ——"Sic volo—*ſic jubeo*—ſtat pro Ratione *Voluntas.*"
An *Edict* for general *Starvation* is a new Mode of *national Defence.*

† Philip the Second, of Spain, who loſt his Dominions in the Low Countries by his *tyrannic Obſtinacy.*

‡ The infamous Duke d'Alva, that wicked Counſellor of a wicked King, who inſtigated his inhuman Sovereign to maſſacre his injured Subjects, till they bravely reſolved to reſiſt the arbitrary Impoſitions of an unfeeling Tyrant and his Minions.

§ The very wiſe Principle upon which the ruinous War has been lately conducted againſt our American Colonies;—a Principle repeatedly avowed by Lord North in the Houſe of Commons, and vindicated by all the hireling miniſterial Scribblers, particularly by Dr. *Johnſon*, in his infamous Pamphlet *Taxation no Tyranny.*

"*Millions*

"*Millions for One*"—Harſh Doctrine to obtrude
In Courts *deſpotic*—rational, but *rude*.
M-nsf--ld! ſtand forth this Axiom to refute!—
'Twas never heard of in the *Iſle of Bute*.
Next ſtalk'd *Church-Pow'r* in M-rk--m's * Stygian Form,
For *Right Divine* and *Orthodoxy* warm.
On *this* Prieſts all their Uſurpations found;
That they invented to maintain their Ground:
By *this* ſupported, o'er the Earth they ſtride;
With *that* they ſhrewdly ſoothe a Monarch's Pride.
From jealous Kings they fear impending Fate,
And therefore make *Alliance* † *with the State*.
While *Right Divine* to *Prieſtcraft* will allow
Full Scope, to *Right Divine* theſe *Aarons* bow:
The better Half of all Dominion's *theirs*
By *Lot* ‡; the reſt to *Crowns* the *Mitre* ſpares.

* This Man has ſufficiently expoſed his *Servility* as a *Tory Partizan*, even in the Pulpit.

† In a late *Epiſcopal Addreſs* theſe *mitred Fathers* declare, in a meek and humble Tone, that there is a "*natural Alliance* between *Church* and *State*."—How blind was poor *John Locke!* He could not ſee this *natural Alliance*.

‡ Hence the Eccleſiaſtical Body have denominated themſelves *Clergy*, in Contradiſtinction to the *Laity*, from the Word κλῆρος---Sors---as if they were, *in Truth*, a ſacred Portion of Mankind which God has allotted to himſelf.

In

In Sov'reign Rule Prieſts merit the firſt Place;
For Heav'n (they ſay) has founded *Pow'r* on *Grace*.
All *Grace* is laviſh'd on the *croſier'd Tribe*;
Who then ſhall dare their *Pow'rs* to circumſcribe?
While on the Necks of Princes Prieſts can tread,
Under themſelves they grant their King the *Head*:
With *his* their ſacred Suffrages * accord,
While he endures theſe *Claimants in the Lord*;
But, ſhou'd he once diſpute their holy Sway,
Theſe Saints throw *Meekneſs*, and her Maſk, away †,
And, like true *Dœgs*, damn, torment, and ſlay.
In crimſon Tints Jove's utmoſt Rage diſplay'd
At *Lexington* §, with Horror I ſurvey'd.
At *Concord* § Atè ſeem'd to take her Fill
Of Blood, yet rav'd for more at *Bunker's Hill* §.

* The late Lord Cheſterfield, in his Letters to his Son, obſerves, with great Truth, that the venerable Bench of Biſhops are always *dead Votes* with the *Miniſter*. We have, however, at preſent, ſome few *patriotic Exceptions* to this Rule among the Biſhops.

† As theſe holy Allies to an infamous King did in the *pious* Reign of James the Second, as ſoon as *his Moſt Sacred Majeſty* began to affect the Rights of the *Clergy*, in the Caſe of Magdalen-College at Oxford: then, and *not before*, that *perjured Traitor* to his Country became among the Clergy *unhallowed* and *profane*.

§ In America.

There ſhe drew Floods, unſatiated before;
There her gorg'd Sword, drunk with *fraternal* Gore,
Swoln with Exceſs, gave the loath'd Carnage o'er.
Sick of the Slaughter it ſo long deſir'd,
Into its Sheath the *Parricide* retir'd
In Surfeit high—though made of ſterneſt Stuff;
The ſurcharg'd Savage then ſeem'd fleſh'd enough.
At *Fairfield* ‖ and *Norwalk* ‖ ſhe ſtruck a Blow
Equally glorious—paint theſe Scenes, *Prevoſt!**
But *Saratoga* met with kinder Fates;
Reliev'd, to bleſs her enterpriſing *Gates* †.
Burgoyne with Joy the wiſe Surrender makes,
Not ſlow to profit by his Foe's *Miſtakes* ‡.
There *Lawrence* § darted Lightning from his Eyes,
With high Diſdain repelling *Gotham*'s Spies.

‖ In America.

* The Britiſh General who commanded at the Flames and Slaughters there, whoſe true Account is hidden from the Public.

† The patriotic American General who commanded at Saratoga.

‡ It is certain that General *Gates* conceived that a conſiderable Reinforcement of Britiſh Troops was near at Hand (as they ought to have been) to ſupport the gallant Burgoyne. General Burgoyne felt his unexpected Diſappointment in this Particular, and therefore very prudently capitulated: our Troops muſt otherwiſe have been obliged to have laid down their Arms in their Trenches, or have fallen a Prey to ſuperior Numbers.

§ Preſident of the American Congreſs.

J--nſt-ne

J--nſt-ne ſeem'd *loſt* * in playing *Dolon*'s † Part,
And Ed-n fail'd in Caledonian Art.
Fraught with Deſigns beneath the Britiſh Name,
Each holds falſe Cards, and *Congreſs* ſee their Game;
While ſpruce C--l-ſle endures, with deep Regret,
The Gaſconades of bluſtering *Fayette* ‡;
And, to diſpel his noble Rage and Grief,
In red-heel'd Pumps cuts Capers for Relief.
Ah me! what Figure's that! ſo poor, ſo wan,
So full of inward Grief, ſo woe-begone;
With Eye dejected, and a Voice too faint
In Sounds diſtinct to utter her Complaint!
One Hand a Royal Charter ‖, *cancell'd*, waves,
By *Freemen* purchas'd once, now loſt by *Slaves*;
A *begging Box* the other ſcarce ſuſtains,
Gleaning from Door to Door the poor Remains
Which Exigencies of the State have left
Untax'd---of Armour, Shield, and Spear bereft;

* The *Congreſs* actually cauſed him to be publicly cryed by their Town-Cryers as a *loſt* Com—ſſ—r.

† The Name of a Trojan Spy in Homer's Iliad.

‡ Monſieur le Marquis de la *Fayette*, who *challenged* the Head-Com—ſſ—r, and abuſed him moſt egregiouſly, in public, by Paſquinades and every other Species of French Inſult and Ridicule.

‖ Magna Charta, perhaps.

Untax'd

In tatter'd Garb, and ſupplicating Tone,
Intreating *Aid*, *Benevolence*, or *Loan*;
By whatſoever Name her Tears and Sighs
From ſoften'd Dupes may ſqueeze out freſh *Supplies* *;
Not to defend her long-invaded Rights,
But to feed Traytors, Pimps, and Paraſites,
Court-Flies, Court-Fav'rites, Minions of the *Crown*,
Who for Self-Int'reſt barter its Renown.
To theſe, alas! I ſaw, as ſhe drew near,
Britannia, loſt *Britannia*, lend an Ear——
Yes, it was ſhe; I ſaw her kneel to kiſs
A Tyrant's Foot *in Forma Pauperis*;
Inveigled by deluſive Arts to ſtain
Her former Annals in a *pious* Reign;
Collecting *Alms* deſpotic Chains to forge
For her own Hands, held up in vain to G-----;
To B-te, N--th, M---f---d, and their ſervile Train,
In earneſt Supplication ſtretch'd in vain.

* Among other *miniſterial* Stratagems, one has been ſet on Foot (the moſt ridiculous of all) to collect, by Way of Church-Briefs, Contributions for the Propagation of the Goſpel in *America*, (which is not *ours*,) and for the Maintenance of *Proteſtant* Miniſters, whom the *Miniſtry* knew to be ſtarving when they got the *Quebec Act* paſſed for the Maintenance of *Popiſh Prieſts and a Biſhop* there.

Taſk-

Taſk-Maſters all! whom ſhe is doom'd to ſerve,
With *Bounties* bracing ev'ry Traytor's Nerve.
Of her true Int'reſt, of her juſt Defence
Unmindful, thus with prompt *Benevolence*
For her own Bowels ſhe prepares the Steel;
Preſents her Throat to Knaves who cannot *feel*;
For them alone in Slav'ry deigns to live,
And wounds *herſelf* with Stabs *they* dare not give;
Guides S--dw-ch's, Bate's *, M'Mahon's † baſe Pen,
Yields Faith implicit to the worſt of Men ‡;
Bends to thoſe Pow'rs who brought her Ruin on,
And foſters Fiends by whom ſhe is undone.
Beggars I ſaw, hors'd on Ambition's Wing,
From Death and Rapine into *Nabobs* § ſpring.
Out flys their Sword, down drops their ſlighted Quill,
And forth they march, not Ink, but Blood, to ſpill:

* Editor of that *miniſterial Ally*, the infamous *Morning-Poſt*.

† Father *Obrien Macmahon*, the Jeſuit, and miniſterial Writer under the Signature of *Therſites*; a well-choſen Name for ſo impudent a V-l--n: his great Abettor is *Jemmy Twitcher*.—Who can wonder?---Pares cum Paribus.

‡ The preſent Adminiſtration.

§ Moſt of theſe *Muſhroom-Gentry* have ſhot up at once into *Nabobs* from humble Writers to our Factories in India.

While baſe, inglorious Slaves poſt Books, and pack,
Gold (that unrighteous Mammon) they attack;
By *pious Charter* authoriz'd, parade
Againſt unchriſtian *Lacks* * in fierce Cruſade;
By Heav'n ordain'd not one *Rupee* to ſpare,
They ſend the Rich to ſeek new Treaſures *there*.
Thus metamorphos'd into Potentates,
By Theft enthron'd, they ſcorn their ſervile States;
The Means by which they climb'd ſo high forgot,
Return in Triumph to their native Spot;
No more in Alleys, but Pall-Mall, reſide;
Anxious to ſeize the *miniſterial* Tide,
Some venal Borough with their Spoils amaze,
Break upon *North* in Oriental Blaze,
And in his Focus center all their Rays.

While, from myſelf tranſported, I ſurvey'd
Fallacious Scenes which Morpheus thus diſplay'd,
The ſhrill-tongu'd Clarion's piercing Note I heard,
And Shouts announc'd that *Palliſer* was—*clear'd*.
In Honour of this Heroe's *bleſt Eſcape*,
Wild Revelry broke looſe in ev'ry Shape:

* Maſſes or Ingots of Oriental Gold, ſo called.

No

No mournful Dirge (as once for *Byng* *) was ſung,
But the vaſt Dome with Io Pæans rung.
The frantic Joy loud-pealing Organs raiſe,
And ev'ry Villain ſhouted D-rby's Praiſe,
Who threw that Baal, call'd *Obedience*, down,
Surpriz'd a conſcious Tr--t-r with *Renown*,
Diſgrac'd a *Flag*, a *Nation*, and a *Crown*.
Stentorian Voices ſoon compos'd this Scene
Of Uproar, ſhouting forth--The *Queen!* The *Queen!*—
I gaz'd around, if haply I might find
This Sov'reign in her Robe incarnadin'd
With patriotic Blood; whoſe guilty Stain
Might teach me how *Heav'n's choice Vicegerents* reign;
Whoſe Cruelty (for Tyrants Juſtice mock)
Brought Raleigh, Sidney, Ruſſell, to the Block.
I gaz'd in vain, till *B-z-ley* and *Sir Hugh*
The Veil that hid their Deity withdrew.
Then, ſkill'd in magic Herbs, in Speeches fair,
Whoſe Spells impregnated th' infected Air,

* Admiral *Byng*, who in the laſt War was ſentenced by an *honeſt*, *unpacked*, and *uninfluenced* Court-Martial, to *dye* under the twelfth Article of War, which is expreſs againſt any Perſon who, in Time of Action, *withdraws*, *keeps back*, or *comes not into Fight*, or *does not do his utmoſt*, &c. &c.

Enthron'd

Enthron'd I ſaw, with meretricious Smiles,
INFAMY practiſe her infernal Wiles.
Her Cup, well philter'd, ſhe to all advanc'd;
Within its chryſtal Bounds that Poiſon danc'd
Which urg'd *Macbeth* to ſtain no vulgar Bed,
And with Vertigoes turn'd his *Pupil*'s Head;
Before the *Tutor* plac'd Ambition's Lure,
And made the *Scholar*'s Eſtimation poor;
Robb'd Monarchy of all a Monarch's Praiſe,
And from th' Imperial Circle ſtole its Rays.
Before her Face ſhe held fair *Freedom*'s Maſk,
Pointing out *Taxes* faſt as *North* cou'd aſk;
Yet bid no Son of Liberty deſpair,
Though, *for the gen'ral Good*, ſhe tax'd the *Air*.
She wove a Wreath for ſervile J--nſt-ne's Brow,
Her truſty Vaſſal ſince he blacken'd *Howe*;
To ſo much Merit a *Commiſſion* gave,
And with her Favours fatten'd ev'ry *Knave*.
She prompted Rage to glut her rav'nous Maw
With *Lacey*'s wounded Soldiers burnt in Straw †.

† V. Remembrancer, No. XLIX. pp. 398, 399.

She

She brib'd revengeful Furies, baſely warm'd,
To ſlaughter *Baylor*'s Forces all *unarm'd**;
Murder'd in Sleep theſe naked Victims bled,
And *Parricides* with impious Carnage fed.
In Honour of her *modeſt*, *baſhful* Son †,
A Crown, in Form like that which Knav'ry won
From *Charles*, ſhe wore—Long live the Name of *Blood!*‡
Few Thieves ſo dextrous, and few Kings ſo *good.*
Yet *Blood* deſerv'd a more auſpicious Fate
Than any preſent Miniſter of State.
He from the King *ideal* Glory ſtole,
Not that which ſhines on Fame's immortal Roll;
Not that which future Ages might adore—
A glitt'ring Bauble of the State---no more—
Honour'd on *Alfred*'s, curs'd on *James*'s Brow ‖;
And worn by ****** with equal Glory *now.*

* V. Remembrancer, No. XLIX. pp. 398, 399.

† Sir *Hugh.*

‡ That bold Adventurer Captain *Blood*, (as he was called,) who, among many other extraordinary Enterprizes, never equalled by any Villain (not *miniſterial*) ſince his Time, ſtole the Crown of England out of the Jewel-Office in the Tower, in the Reign of that *pious* Prince, Charles the Second.—The King was really ſo much afraid of this powerfully-connected, and well-accompliſhed Villain, that he did not dare to *puniſh*, but *penſioned* him liberally, and thus ever lived in a Kind of amicable Alliance with this audacious Raſcal.

‖ James the Second.

INFAMY ſeem'd this ſolid Truth to feel,
And therefore charg'd all *loyal* Hands to *ſteal.*
All Theſts were ſacred which enrich'd her Throne,
And made her ſhine in Honours *not her own.*
Rapine for her with *Piety* was join'd;
Gems, Scepter, Robes, and Diadem, purloin'd:
For theſe ſhe brib'd the Biſhop, Soldier, Monk,
Tax'd Stews, and ſhar'd Half-Profits with the Punk;
Her graſping Hand drove Peaſants to deſpair;
Her Wants made wretched Subjects pay for *Air.*
With Head *untax'd* no Beggar drew his Breath;
Slav'ry the Charter, and *Remonſtrance* Death.
O'er her rich Veſt a light Cymar was thrown,
Diverſify'd with many a painted Bone
And Skull—ſad Emblems of her *murd'rous Reign,*
Commencing early with the Guilt of *Cain.*
Through ev'ry Age her Empire ſtronger grew,
With eager Eye ſhe trac'd its Progreſs through,
And ſhameleſs held the black Records to View.
There, in due Rank, *Aſſaſſins* were diſpos'd,
Till with *Sir H*—— the Chronicle was clos'd.

" Here

" Here live, my Son, ſhe cry'd, in grateful Leaves
" Enroll'd with my prime Murderers and Thieves!
" Dear, *meritorious* † Tool of *ſacred Right*,
" Shall *Miniſters* alone your Pains requite?
" Entruſt to me your everlaſting Fame—
" When *K-ngs* approve your Conduct, who ſhall blame?
" Though more *exemplary* ‡ had been your Work,
" Had you, when *Perj'ry* fail'd, employ'd the *Dirk* §.
" Though Fortune your Endeavours wou'd not bleſs,
" Yet your deep Stratagems deſerv'd Succeſs.
" *Brave Innocence*, by *Log-Books* well aſſail'd,
" Had fall'n, but meddling *Truth*, alas! prevail'd.
" Had ſhe and *Montague* * forborne to pry,
" Had *Forg'ry* but eſcap'd Detection's Eye,
" Expiring *Keppel*, at my Altar caſt,
" By *Faction*'s Cords ſecur'd, had breath'd his laſt;
" *B-z-ley* among the *Dead* had fix'd his Lot—
" Shall he—ſhall precious *B-z-ley* be forgot?

† See the applauſive Sentence of *Sir H*---'s Court-Martial.
‡ A *complimentary* Epithet in the Sentence of Sir H.'s Court-Martial.
§ A *Scotch* Inſtrument of Diſpatch uſed at *Luton-Hoo* for opening *Britiſh Oyſters*.
* The honeſt and truly *Engliſh* Admiral *Montague*, who at Admiral Keppel's Trial detected an interwoven Maze of *Forgery*, *Perjury*, &c.&c.

No

" No---with thy Mem'ry *B-x-ley*'s I'll enroll,
" And your joint Fames ſhall fly from Pole to Pole.
" Do thou, my *Hugh*, though Hawke, Howe, Keppel laughs,
" Throw off the Lion's Skin, and take the *Calf*'s.
" Inveſted thus, in my new Order ſhine,
" And rank with D-gby as a Knight of *mine*.
" Inveſted thus, tread, trample upon *Howe*,
" While *royal Tars* † are rear'd beneath your Brow.
" Inſpir'd by me, no Dangers you ſhall run,
" But loſe *with Honour* what you might have won;
" Spy, on a Pinch, another *rotten Maſt*,
" And fight all future Battles like the *paſt*;
" Secure of courtly Praiſe in ev'ry Shape,
" Be *thank'd* once more for letting France *eſcape*,
" Play with invading Fleets a *double Part*,
" And gain a *Penſion* with your S-v'r--gn's Heart."

The Queen her Scepter wav'd; her Herald came
In *Greenrod*'s ‡ Pride—his Habit not the ſame.

† P—ce H-nry.

‡ The *Scotch* Herald to the noble Order of the *Thiſtle*.

Thirteen § embroider'd Thiſtles mark'd his Veſt;
A Lion, iſſuant, *ſable*, grac'd his Breaſt:
This Brute expreſs'd a Tyrant's *noble Rage* †,
Thoſe Weeds prick'd Fools to that vile War they wage ‡;
And to inevitable Shame muſt bring
Tame Subjects, and a *perſevering* K——.

The Trumpets ſound—the Herald's Voice proclaims
No Megaleſian or Circenſian Games,
Where bounding Steeds, high-mettled, ſeem'd to ſpring
With whirling Cars round Fame's capacious Ring;
But Prizes were propos'd to Souls that burn
With royal Skill to weave, knit, knot, or *turn*.
All martial Sports 'tis ſavage to endure;
Kings now are taught t'embroider *en Tambour*;
To work in Tortoiſe-ſhell Kit. Pinchbec's Ware,
And manufacture Combs for princely Hair,
Proud to confeſs, that, from a Sov'reign Hand
Turn'd out, their Conſort's Dreſſing-Boxes ſtand

§ The Number of the *loſt* Provinces in America—Thanks to *Scottiſh* Councils!

† *Nobilis Ira—Macbeth*'s Motto.—See the Emblazonment of his Arms as exhibited upon his Inſtallation. It fell to the late Lord T—ple's Lot (as a younger Knight) to walk with our *Thane*. It was obſervable that his Lordſhip ſeemed to *ſhoulder him* all the Way, walking almoſt with his Back to him.

‡ In America.

Arrang'd; or that her Toilet's ſpangled Veils
Were dreſs'd by *Them*—Fame, tell it at Verſailles!—
Kings, who bid Subjects bow the Vaſſal Knee,
Now ſtoop to finiſh their own *Chaiſe percèe*;
In peaceful Arts ingenious, though not bold,
For *Buttons* plan a new-invented Mould;
And, ſcorning like Inferiors to be fine,
On their own Birth-Day ſtart th' immenſe Deſign.—
With grudging Eye admiring Taylors note
So rich a *Button* to ſo plain a Coat *.

For Emulation, on ſuch Plans as theſe,
Folly held forth all Prizes that cou'd pleaſe.
Firſt to thoſe ſcepter'd Potentates of Earth,
Whom Nature ſtamp'd as Idcots at their Birth,
With vaſt Parade theſe Meeds were uſher'd forth:
Slim H-m-lt-n pronounc'd their genuine Worth;
In Mount Veſuvio's *Lava* deeply ſkill'd
As Pliny †—May he ſtill eſcape ungrill'd!—

* It is the Etiquette of modern Courts for Sovereigns never to appear too ſplendid on their own Birth-Day. A *ſingular Button*, on ſuch Occaſions, is as much as the preſent *Ton* will admit of.

† Pliny the Elder, deſtroyed by an Eruption from Mount Veſuvius, while his Curioſity led him too near that Volcano.

A Connoiſſeur, to whoſe Taſte Kings give Way;
Knight, Broker ‡, and *Ambaſſadeur Anglois*.
He, with a Pipe at *Herculaneum* found,
Once *Pan*'s, call'd all the Rival Monarchs round,
And made the Objects of their Conteſt known
In Signior *Lovatini*'s ſprightly Tone:
Re-ci-ta-ti-vo, neither ſaid, nor ſung,
Dripp'd in ſoft Cadence from his tuneful Tongue.

To that Philoſopher, who beſt cou'd trace
The Worm that turns whole Folios into Lace §,
A Leaf from a ſurpriſing Indian Tree
Which none but Mandeville ‖ cou'd ever ſee;
Where Nature, as it were, with Bobbins plays,
While Vegetation into Bone-Lace ſtrays.

To that Half-Male, whoſe Stitch was peerleſs ſeen,
Solomon's Sandal, work'd by Sheba's Queen.

To him, who ſpangled beſt the Tambour-Head,
Her Houſewife, with a Needleful of Thread.

‡ In Pictures *Abroad*; where he is happily ſituated for the Purpoſe of purchaſing *Antico-Modernos* and *Herculaneum* Earthen-Ware for a noted *Baby-Houſe* near St. James's.

§ A ſmall white Worm, leſs than that in a Hazel Nut, well known in the Weſt-Indies. It breeds in Books, and eats the Leaves ſo as to make them reſemble Lace.

‖ The fanciful Sir J. Mandeville, noted in his Travels for a curious Account of Non-Entities.

Spun

Spun by a Worm which ſhe herſelf had rear'd.
From her own Manuſcript this Fact appear'd;
Sir Billy held it up for all to ſee,
And aſcertain'd its Authenticity.

To him who in Mechanics figur'd moſt,
That Hammer which Grand Maſter Hiram loſt
When Maſonry was *rais'd* to ſuch Renown
By thoſe bold *Fellow-Crafts* who knock'd him down.
That Blow prevented what they moſt deſir'd *;
With Hiram the Craft's *Shibboleth* expir'd:
But at his Grave new Myſteries occurr'd;
Farce whimper'd, and *Macbenah* † was the Word.

Nor yet in vain muſt royal Artiſts burn,
Whoſe Frenzy takes an *horologic* Turn
Tow'rds Dial-Plate, or Pendulum, or Wheel:
His be the Watch firſt made by *Peter Hele* ‡.
Nor ſhall that Monarch feel Neglect's rude Shock,
Who, at firſt Sight, knows what it is o'Clock.

* The *Maſter*'s Word.

† See the Hiſtory of Free-Maſonry; and a Pamphlet called Jachin and Boaz.

‡ Peter Hele of Nuremberg, ſaid to have been the Inventor of Watches.

To

To him, who, ſkill'd in the *Vitruvian* Art,
From all its Rules capriciouſly cou'd ſtart,
And with a *Chambers* * in Invention vye,
The Head of *Vanbrugh* rais'd on a *Mince-Pye* †.
Competitors from various Nations flow'd,
And royal Genius with Ambition glow'd;
To which no Precedent gave ſervile Rules;
For fooliſh *Kings* ſurpaſs all common Fools:
Princes, ſupremely *weak*, were ever known
In that Extreme to be *themſelves alone*.
Nature a *Solomon* too ſeldom frames;
But often *ſlinks* abortive Fools like *James* ‡.
In Chivalry's full Pride phlegmatic *Spain*
Stalk'd forth the proffer'd Honours to obtain.
The Potentate (for 'twas a *Gala-Day*)
Exchang'd for *Scarlet* his *Segovian Grey* §;

* Sir William Chambers---the pregnant Subject of a late humorous Heroic Epiſtle.

† The exact Model of all Sir John Vanbrugh's Crincum-Crancum Houſes. The late Duke of Newcaſtle had an excellent one of this Kind at Claremount.

‡ Either the *Firſt* or *Second* James. The Reader may take his Choice.

§ The Monarch's Hunting-Frock, never off his Back but on a *Gala-Day*, and then he hangs on a fine Coat over a Pair of ruſty black Breeches and Worſted Stockings, Part of the Hunting Dreſs.

The Diamond Buttons, rang'd in brilliant Rows,
Flaſh'd Indignation on his Worſted Hoſe;
Nor did th' embroider'd Suit that grac'd his Back
Deign once to touch his Brigs of ruſty Black.
On ev'ry Button, for Inſpection ſtrung,
An horizontal Gold Repeater hung *.
No *pedant Arts* this ſwarthy Monarch grace;
With Nimrod's Skill he leads the ſylvan Chace;
To him a Life of rural Toil ſeems ſweet:
Thro' Winter's Blaſts, thro' Summer's parching Heat,
In Queſt of Fame this ſacred Ideot † runs;
His Hobby-Horſes, Hunting Spears and Guns:
His Prey through pelting Storms he drives alone;
For "*Rain* (he ſwears) *can never break a Bone* ‡."
Let vulgar Heads Affairs of State diſpatch;
No Prince, like him, e'er yet wound up a *Watch* §.

* See Clarke's Letters from Spain.

† Ibid.

‡ A Proverb for ever in this Monarch's Mouth.

§ This King (ſays Mr. Clarke, in his Letters) comes forth at his Levees with a Watch hung to every Button, and amuſes himſelf with winding them up.

Of

Of *Time-Keepers* few Kings boaſt ſuch a Range:
To *wind* long live King *Carlos*, Log to *change* *;
And, as he *changes*, marking how Time flies,
And hourly with it *annual Supplies*,
Heav'n make him leſs *expenſive*, and more *wiſe!*

France †, a poor, honeſt Man, who means no Harm,
To Glory, Rank, and Dignity, luke-warm,
Little regarding each alluring Meed,
Sent his ſtout, rampant *Auſtrian* in his Stead.
She ſcorn'd the Liſts, with Vanity elate;
And gently ſunk into her Chair of State;
From thence with giddy Mirth the Sports ſurvey'd,
Trying to bluſh at Parts ſo meanly play'd:
But, ſhock'd to ſee unmanly Arts prevail,
She call'd aloud, at laſt, for Something *Male.*

* Upon the Table of a certain great Perſon, in his Dreſſing-Room, lye, at leaſt, a Dozen Watches, which he takes by Turns into almoſt hourly Service every Day.—Sometimes there is a general grand Review of theſe Machines, and then Friend *Pinchey* takes the Field.——Q. Why ſhould not Princes change their *Miniſters* as often as their *Watches*, till they find a *true* one?

† The Author hopes that Lord *St-rm-nt* (who was the laſt Seſſion of Parliament ſo fearful that ſome Speeches by the *patriotic* Part of the Peerage would *irritate* France and Spain) will not be offended at the Liberty here taken with his Lordſhip's *particular Friends Abroad*; as they happen ſtill to be, not only avowed, but ſecret Enemies to *England*. What Affection they may have for *Scotland* the Author cannot pretend to ſay.

Naples

Naples and D-nm--k, *unprepar'd*, withdrew;
This fond of *Minions*, *That* of falſe *Virtù*.
Strange Jumble *This* of Female, Male, Fool, Brute;
Whoſe Sex, like *Ceneus*'s *, wou'd bear Diſpute.
An *Epicœne*---or Boy, or Girl, for Life;
This Hour an *Huſband*, and the next a *Wife*;
Of Gender ſo equivocal, 'twou'd check
A Voſſius in his Choice of *hic*, or *hæc* †.
With Thee (alas! in neither Sex complete)
Hymen was fool'd, and *Marriage* was a *Cheat*.
Molted in Feather, next came *Half a King*,
Dup'd by all Scum who fiddle, whore, and ſing.
Alas, poor *P-l-nd!*—Still Thou ſhalt remain
Unenvy'd in thy Realms of *Porcelaine* ‡.
The leaſt in Hiſt'ry's Annals, and the worſt,
Came Log; with ev'ry Vice unprincely curſt.

* ———Modo *Vir*, Modo *Fœmina*, Ceneus. VIRG.

† The uncommon Effeminacy of the D-n-ſh Monarch's Viſage, Figure, and Deportment, reminds one of this pretty Epigram in Auſonius:
Dum dubitat Natura *Marem*, faceretne *Puellam*;
Factus es, O pulcher, pæne *Puella*, Puer.

‡ *Dreſden Porcelaine*—of exquiſite Manufacture, and inimitable Colours; for which important Part of his Poſſeſſions his P-liſh Majeſty was alone concerned (ſo great was his Philoſophy!) when attacked, and *half dethroned*, by that remorſeleſs Deſtroyer of Earthen-Ware, the boiſterous K. of Pruſſia.

To

To Flatt'ry open, againſt Reaſon ſteel'd;
A Mars in Bed, a Spinſter in the Field:
Who notify'd his Manhood by no Deed
But that of glutting *Gotham* with his Breed.
A Tyrant born, by Tyrants he was rais'd;
By Men deſpis'd, by Women never prais'd;
Not firm, but obſtinate; not bold, but raſh;
His Wrath a flaming Fire; his Senſe a Flaſh.
In Waſte profuſe; in Charity confin'd;
In Policy as narrow as in Mind;
Preſumptuous and precipitate; not brave;
Fair Freedom's Foe, and abject Paſſion's Slave;
Chang'd by ſome Fairy; by no *Briton* got;
Inſolent, mean, and haughty as a *Scot*;
Scorn'd he ſollicits; *ſupplicated* flys;
A maſſy Clod of ſtrange Abſurdities;
Thirſting for *Blood* ev'n to his Int'reſt's Coſt;
Indulging Rancour till his Glory's loſt.
Of Slaves *revolted* though the Babe complains,
And of *a Realm diſmember'd*, ſtill he ſtrains
Each Nerve to ſacrifice its poor Remains.
By Chance, not Merit, into Empire ſlid;
Riding his Subjects, by his Minions rid;

More Follies at his Beck than Pope cou'd paint;
In Truth an *Hypocrite*; in Jeſt a *Saint*;
Scarce of one Virtue *negative* poſſeſt,
He'll *dye* a Bleſſing, though he *lives* a Peſt.
Around him flock'd a ſycophantic Tribe,
Attach'd from *Want*, and loyal for a *Bribe*.
From *Faction*'s Voice thus *Ignominy* draws
Hope, Confidence, Preſumption, and *Applauſe*;
Thinks *hir'd Eulogiums* will ſecure her Ends,
And wiſely calls a *venal Mob* her *Friends*.

Thus Log, with Self-Complacency elate,
Sure of his Prize, march'd on in ſulky State.
Before him born (rich as a King's ſhou'd be)
A *Button* ſhone with Silver *Fleurs de Lis*;
No Ornament of mere Caprice, or Chance,
But worn in Honour of tremendous *France*;
Whoſe *Friendſhip* (though inſulted) ſtill he courts,
Placing more Truſt in that than *Fleets* and *Forts* *.
If ever *Button* was ſupremely grand,
This was the *Button*---made by Log's own Hand.

* Self-intereſted, weak, and *treacherous* Adminiſtrations are always unprepared for national Defence.

Wiſe

Wiſe *Cath'rine* † ſmil'd; but *Fred'ric* ‡, rather rough,
Turn'd on his Heel, and took a Pinch of Snuff.
Next (dreadful Preſage of a Nation's Hope!)
Came Galileo's improv'd *Teleſcope*,
Which taught his Majeſty that heinous Sin
Of gazing *up*, when he ſhou'd look *within*.
Unleſs attracted by ſome *Raree-Show*,
He ſeldom deigns to caſt a Look *below*.
His ſtraggling Wits among the Planets ſtray,
Or fly for Nurture to the *Milky Way*;
Through coſtly Tubes imagin'd *Tranſits* ſpy,
While injur'd Subjects by Oppreſſion dye;
Or in the Moon for new Dominions roam,
To make Amends for what are *loſt* at Home.
At *Mars in the Aſcendant* while he blinks,
His Realm beneath invading Armies ſinks.
Thus with the Heav'ns while *royal Tycho* play'd,
His Kingdom, open to all Inſults laid,
Loſt all its Glory, Colonies, and Trade;
To *Miniſterial Traytors* fell a Prey,
While he kept Comets with long Tails at bay;

† Empreſs of Ruſſia. ‡ King of Pruſſia.

Droop'd

Droop'd under Treach'ry, Tyranny, and Tax,
While its ſage Chief was making *Almanacs*,
In Pannics deprecating foreign Wars,
And holding Conſultations with the *Stars*.
That none his *virtuous Miniſters* might blame,
He did the Duty, and they bore the Name,
Content to plunder from the public Stock,
And leave to Log Dethronement and the *Block*.
For ſuch a Vot'ry *Pallas* little car'd,
Yet to his Pray'rs ſome Shreds of Science ſpar'd.
Not born to marſhal Squadrons in the Field,
She taught him to embroider, and to wield
The peaceful Diſtaff with a ſkillful Hand:
Theſe Arts all *pious* Kings ſhou'd underſtand;
Arts which infringe no *Charter of the Land**.
Theſe may be us'd without Remorſe or Dread:
They wound the *Reputation*, not the *Head*.
The Loſs of *that* can give few Monarchs Pain;
But ſtrike at *this*, you marr a *pious* Reign,

* Some Monarchs, who are prodigal enough of the public Blood and Treaſure, affect nevertheleſs to be very cautious of infringing the *Laws of the Land* (i. e. at *Home*; not 4000 Leagues off).

The

The Annals of ſucceſsful Tyrants blot,
And tear rich Food from many an hungry *Scot*.
By Arts like theſe, and not for Empire form'd,
Log's Soul was warp'd, and his Ambition warm'd:
In theſe he glory'd; while his Kingdom pin'd,
And curs'd majeſtic Genius *ſo refin'd*.
Nor yet in theſe alone---with Attic Taſte
Beneath Log's Hands, in *Cuff*'s* well-temper'd Paſte,
Deriding Pallas, with ſarcaſtic Smile,
Saw Temples † modell'd to adorn her Iſle:
To *Honour*'s one, and one to *Virtue*'s Name
Devoted; where each fav'rite *Scot* might claim
In poliſh'd Marble an immortal Wreath,
And, crown'd by *B-te*, to future Ages breathe.
Such Wreaths ſhall grace Sir *Hugh*'s triumphant Brow,
While Fame rejects the Buſt of odious *Howe*,

* A Fellow who play'd off the *Confectioner* at the King of Denmark's celebrated Maſquerade with all the *bien Science* of a *miniſterial Contractor*. —Admiral Barrington was not ſupplied with worſe *Gunpowder* than the King of Denmark's Tables were with *Confectionary* and Paſtry.

† Such Temples are actually now in Contemplation, to be furniſhed with the Buſts of *favourite Heroes*, at no vulgar Reſidence.

To *Keppel* ſeems (like G——) but ill-inclin'd,
And ſounds his Worth with Trumpet turn'd *behind* *.
Let *Pruſſia* form magnanimous Deſigns:
Log vyes with *Solanders* and *Maſkelynes* †;
Jealous of *Pinchy*'s never-dying Fame,
(From whom a new-invented *Cork-Screw* came,)
In Log's anointed Breaſt glows Envy's Spark,
And ev'ry Toy he *turns* ‡ bears B---ſw-c's *Mark*:
Not from ſtark Ignorance---for Log's polite;
He *reads*, like *Quin* § mouths *Speeches*, and can *write*---
Yes; of moſt Kings Log greatly has the Odds;
For he can write his *Name*---Hear this, ye Gods!---
Fame to the Univerſe this Truth may tell:
No Prince in Europe cuts a G. ſo well.
Rare Sov'reign! cou'd he guide with equal Skill
The ſtubborn Rein of Empire, and the *Quill!*

* V. Hudibras, Part II. Canto I. ſpeaking of *good* and *evil* Fame:
" Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
" But both of clean contrary Tones;
" But whether both with the ſame Wind,
" Or one *before*, and one *behind*,
" We know not; only this can tell,
" The one ſounds vilely, t'other well."

† Two celebrated Aſtronomers.

‡ Log is the beſt *Turner*, as well as the beſt *Button-Maker*, in *Gotham*.

§ Did he deliver his Speech well? ſays *Quin*—Admirably, ſays a *Penſioner*.—" Why aye; I taught the Boy to *ſpeak*," ſays *Quin*.

Then

Then to our own, and future Times, how dear
A Prince this Ape of *Titus** muſt appear!
Beſide him his *Premier*, with drowſy Head,
A Lion, ſulky as his Maſter, led:
The Monarch's Temper and the Brute's the ſame;
When dreaded, *rampant*; and when threaten'd, *tame*.
Such Flies as dar'd his royal Tail accoſt,
Bate bruſh'd off humbly with the *Morning-Poſt*.
And *Macmahon* †, with conſecrated Broom,
In holy Water trebly dipp'd at Rome,
Collected (when the ſtately Creature ſtopp'd)
Reliques, which from his Rump majeſtic dropp'd.
His Warder, on a broad Phylactery,
(Whoſe rare Contents no Eye but Loc's might ſee,)
Taxation in his Front, full-letter'd, bore;
On his chaſte Breaſt a brilliant Star he wore,

* Titus Veſpaſian---famous for two of Loc's Perfections---a great outward Show of *Piety*, and a maſterly Skill in *Writing*. He alſo affected great *Clemency*, like Loc.

† Father *Obrien Macmahon*, the *Jeſuit*, Author of that infamous Tract, *The Candour and Good-Nature of Engliſhmen*, deſigned as a Sugar-Plum for the *Scotch Junto*, by whom he is paid and patroniſed as a Scribbler againſt the *Whigs*. He has the Honour too of being a Fellow-Labourer with *Jemmy Twitcher* in the public Papers, under the well-adopted Signature of *Therſites*.

By

By Heralds chronicled, by Poets ſung;
An Honour which from wanton *Sal'ſb'ry* ſprung,
When Britiſh Luſt and Chivalry were young;
When Subjects caught true Spirit from the Throne,
And Soldiers fought from Sentiment alone;
When Albion's Sons a Race of Warriors got,
Whoſe gallant Swords cut ev'ry Gordian Knot.
Negociations then they ſcorn'd to hold;
Short were their *Treaties*, and their *Armies* bold.
Then Kings from bluſt'ring Foes no *Inſults* bore,
But taught their Heirs to win the Spurs they wore *;
To pluck freſh Laurels in the tented Field,
And add proud *Gallia*'s Arms to England's Shield;
French Deſpots in triumphant Chains to lead,
And ſhow the World a *Patriot Prince* indeed:
Not one, who vauntingly aſſumes the Name,
Without a ſingle Scar to ground his Claim;
Still, in his own Conceit, ſeems *brave*, and *wiſe*,
And on his *Miniſter* for Fame relys;

* Alluding to the ſpirited Expreſſions of old Edward at the Battle of Creſſy. When the Black Prince was in the Midſt of the Enemy, and deſperately engaged, his Father refuſed to rob him of Half his Glory by haſtening to his Aſſiſtance. He coolly obſerved the Prince's Bravery, and cried, "*Let the Boy win his Spurs himſelf.*"

Eaſily

Eaſily gain'd---*Applauſe* is but a *Job*---
Log's ſhrewd *Premier* inſures it by a *Mob*,
In *Senate* hir'd to proſtitute their *Votes*,
And Conſciences---in *Streets*, to ſtretch their Throats
For Log---for him in *Theatres* to roar,
Scorning the Man whoſe *Coinage* they adore.
'Tis thus this ſlumb'ring Stateſman plays his Part,
And thus his Maſter gains a Kingdom's Heart.
Superbly bound and gilt, this *Premier* bore
Ralph's Art of Government---a precious Store
Of *Maxims*, well-digeſted, and not *dear*;
The Purchaſe but *Six Hundred Pounds a Year* *;
Such as from Hume, Dalrymple, Carte, Slaves glean;
From Filmer, Heylin---*Bute* knows what they mean---
From Machiavel, that Sluice of *Civil Evil*;
From *Johnſon* †, *Tucker* ‡, *Weſley* §, and the *Devil*.

* This valuable Collection of *political Maxims*, compiled by the late Mr. *Ralph*, (one of Pope's *Dunciad* Heroes,) is depoſited in Manuſcript in a certain Great Perſonage's Library. It is a Digeſt of Tory, Jacobitical, ſlaviſh Doctrines, methodized for immediate Conſultation. Mr. *Ralph*, on the Death of a celebrated *Scotch* miniſterial Writer, had his Penſion (as an Under-Hackney) increaſed to 600l. per Annum, which he enjoyed about a Year.

† Dr. *Sam. Johnſon*, Author of the *Patriot*, and *Taxation no Tyranny*.

‡ Dean of Glouceſter.

§ *John Weſley*, the itinerant Methodiſt Preacher, Author of Two *Calm Addreſſes*, and ſeveral other Effuſions of a diſordered Brain, overheated by *fanatical* and *miniſterial* Zeal---A Kind of *Aid de Camp* to Dean Tucker and Dr. Johnſon.

From theſe an *Amurath* might learn to reign:
'Twas thus *Sejanus* ‖ turn'd his Maſter's Brain,
Who in his Youth gave golden Hopes to *Rome*
Of a Saturnian, halcyon Reign, to come.
But baſe *Sejanus* blaſted Virtue's Fruits
With Arts like M---f---d's, and a Front like B-te's.
A *Miniſter* whom no wiſe Prince wou'd thank;
A State-Impoſtor, a Court-Mountebank;
Whoſe ev'ry *Noſtrum* boaſts a certain Cure,
Wou'd *Gotham*'s Conſtitution but endure;
Who, while his Patient his vile Quack'ry quaffs,
Clutches his Fees, and at her Folly laughs:
His Cordial Drop *Taxation*, and his Pill
A *Standing Army*, Dupes to Tyrant Will;
His ſov'reign Panacèa but a *Bribe*,
The fav'rite Doſe with all his gaping Tribe;
Bracing weak Conſciences, aſſuaging Throats
Inflam'd, and mollifying ſtubborn Votes;
Of Parties *not far gone* the beſt Cement;
Fix'd Oppoſition's grand Deobſtruent;

‖ A diſgraceful Name given to every wicked Miniſter ſince the *firſt Sejanus*, who governed his Maſter *Tiberius*, and the whole Roman Empire; and made him a complete Tyrant at laſt, though he was originally well diſpoſed.

Diſſolving

Diſſolving Factions, howe'er ſtiff and ſour,
And cooling twenty Patriots in an Hour;
Bleſſing with *Speech* mute Senators like Str-tt,
And comforting *Sir Sandy L-ith*'s lank Gut.
This Quack one Mite from *Millions* never ſav'd;
Nightly he dreams of Provinces *enſlav'd*;
Awake, or ſleeping, ſome new *Tax* projects,
And never on a *Scaffold* once reflects.
No Arts of Government had he imbib'd,
But dup'd his Prince, fawn'd, ſhuffled, ly'd, and *brib'd*.
The Nation (but his ſecondary Care)
He left to Chance, Invaſion, and Deſpair.
Each Stream of Wealth for *his own Ends* he drain'd,
Indiff'rent whether Log, or *Louis*, reign'd;
Like *Twitcher*, bleſs'd with Adamantine Face,
His Views were anſwer'd if he kept his *Place*.
His Figure (for the Gods by Figure ſpeak)
Of true *Bœotian* Form; round, fat, and *weak*.
Though *Gotham*'s Pangs with *Tears* he oft deplores,
While his Tongue errs his Underſtanding ſnores.
Haranguing in his patriotic Fits,
His Feelings ſeem at Variance with his Wits:

Like

Like Neſtor now ſage Counſel he imparts,
Then from *his own Expedients* gravely ſtarts;
Without a Bluſh he'll plan, enforce, deſiſt,
Change Sides, and turn his own Antagoniſt;
Recur once more to his deſerted Schemes;
Perhaps adopt ſome firm *Opponent*'s Dreams;
Condemn, applaud, what abler Heads deſign;
Then at *himſelf* in gen'ral Laughter join;
On this, on that, on neither Side long keeps;
Rails, rallys, ſneers, puns, ſatirizes, *weeps*;
Then, loſt in Whirls of Thought, ſits down and *ſleeps*.
One Eye ſtands Centinel to guard his Skull;
Th' other, more prone to doze, ſeems rather dull;
Though ſometimes into *ſecret Service* preſt,
Few Storms political can break its Reſt:
With *this* he views the Int'reſt of the *Crown*
And *State*; with *that* he clearly ſees *his own*;
Sworn Coadjutor to his Noſe, whoſe Smell
Has ever trac'd *Reverſions* as they fell.
When, like Minerva's Bird, both Eyes he cloſes,
Then *for the Nation's Good* he ſoundly dozes;
But when in partial Scales dear *Self* he weighs,
One Luminary calls in t'other's Rays,

Helps

Helps him audaciouſly through ev'ry Scrape,
And, blind to *Inſults*, lets no *Gain* eſcape.
Leaning on this firm Pillar came King Log,
But juſt elop'd from his *Scotch Pedagogue*:
Still in Idea tingling, as he trod,
And at each Step ſuſpicious of the *Rod*.
Seeing no *Thane*, forth from his Robe he drew
A royal Tube, which he expos'd to View;
Superior far, methought, (for I ſtood near)
To his Sicilian Brother's wond'rous *Ear* *.
That Tyrant's was of ſolid Stone; but this,
Portably form'd, whatever was amiſs,
Or ſaid, or done, to liſt'ning Log's quick Senſe †
Convey'd, and chiefly at *his own Expence*.
Form'd like a Trumpet, when with Judgment plac'd
At the Ear's Portal, Slander's Source it trac'd;

* Dionyſius, the Sicilian Tyrant, built a Dungeon on a Rock for State Priſoners, which was called Dionyſius's *Ear*. He had an Apartment over it, where he overheard every thing that was whiſpered in the Dungeon beneath, by Means of an artificial Tube.

† Log is for ever prying into every-body's private Affairs. He is by far the moſt inquiſitive Perſon in his Kingdom; a certain Sign of a mean, narrow, tyrannic Mind. All *Tyrants* are great *Liſteners*. Log can condeſcend in dark Evenings to be an Eaves-dropper to a *Sentry-Box*.

Imbib'd each idle, whiſp'ring Gale that mov'd,
And brought to Log his own Defects improv'd.
Much more from hence than from his *Spies* he learn'd;
More than through prying *Optics* † he diſcern'd;
More than his crafty Miniſters made known,
Whom now he kept for regal State alone,
Reſolv'd, in future, to become *his own.*
So great a Change this new Invention wrought,
That others' Eyes and Ears he ſet at nought;
On his own Senſes ſolely he rely'd,
And all but B-te's ſuperior Aids defy'd.
" Bleſt Tube! (ſaid Log) whoſe nice Conſtruction brings
" All *Defamation* to the Ears of Kings!
" Found out for Sov'reigns in an happy Hour:
" 'Tis thine, O Infamy!---try thou its Pow'r."
With Smiles ſhe ſanctify'd the ſhrewd Deſign,
Till Ch-mb-rs * cry'd, Dread Queen! the Prize is *mine.*

† Log is ſo very inquiſitive, that with Glaſſes of a curious Conſtruction he often indulges himſelf with gazing at private Families at their Meals, and informs his Favourites what Diſhes and what Company were at their Tables. This is one of his Amuſements in his rural Retirements, where his curious *Obſervatory* ſerves two Purpoſes; that of ſuperficial *Aſtronomy*, and mean *Impertinence.*

* The celebrated Hero of the *Heroic Epiſtle.*

He

He ſpoke, and ſhow'd how *Pekin*'s Friend † cou'd draw--
A barb'rous Arch like Conſtantine's ‡ I ſaw,
In Gothic Sculpture moſt abſurdly rich,
Save where *Chineſe* diverſify'd each Nich;
With fritter'd Zigzag fill'd each vacant Space,
And o'er the whole ſhed ev'ry Baby Grace.
Ev'n envious Log this Crincum-Crancum prais'd,
Which to a Brother Knight a Knight had rais'd.
Sacred to *naval Worth* this Work appear'd,
To *Palliſer* in proud Perſpective rear'd.
In Emblems quaint Sir Hugh's *new Merits* § ſhone,
But chiefly by a *crippled Ship* were known.
Diſtreſs around the Tackle ſeem'd to fly,
Fixing on *Keppel* a malignant Eye;
At length on B-zely all her Hopes ſhe caſt,
And begg'd his Aid to probe her *rotten Maſt*.
Genius and Execution here conſpir'd
To make the Artiſt and the Plan admir'd.

† Sir W. Ch-mb-rs is a great Admirer of the ſuperb Grandeur and rich Fancy diſplayed in the Emperor of China's Gardens at Yven-Ming-Yven.—See his Treatiſe upon Oriental Gardening.

‡ The ſuperb Arch of Trajan, the Perfection of all ancient Architecture, was pulled down in the barbarous Age of Conſtantine the Great, that another might be erected out of its Ruins to the Honour of that Prieſt-ridden Emperor, the great Founder of hierarchal Tyranny.

§ See the Sentence of Sir Hugh's Court-Martial.

The

The well-turn'd Arch, magnificently bow'd,
A Space, majeſtic as the Rainbow's, ſhow'd;
Fit to receive the *Proteus* of a State,
Or the *Miltiades* of Parſon *Bate* *.
Her Ch-mb-rs *Cloacina* quickly knew;
Sacred to her dropp'd many a Plan he drew.
With fragrant Lips ſhe ſeal'd her Knight's juſt Fame;
But Log, ſtill perſevering in his Claim,
A Council call'd, and, jealous of Renown,
Charg'd 'em to weigh *the Honour of his Crown.*
Which had obtain'd the Prize much Doubt appear'd---
'Twas fit this nice Punctilio ſhou'd be clear'd.
Drances †, who never yet cou'd Suffrage give,
Againſt preſumptuous, bold *Prerogative*,
Stepp'd forth the foremoſt of the Conſcript Tribe,
Beneath *Eſteem*, and yet above a *Bribe.*
The firſt (ſo Fate ordain'd) was not his Lot;
The laſt was ne'er refus'd by any *Scot*,

* The reverend and obſequious Editor of the *Morning-Poſt*, who in his *royal Paper* propoſed a *Triumph* (Hear this, ye Gods!)—a *Triumph* for *Sir Hugh Palliſer*, on his *Acquittal.*

† A baſe, puſillanimous Counſellor, well painted by Virgil:

——*Linguâ* Melior, ſed frigida Bello
Dextera.——

Except

Except himſelf—in Jeſuitic Art
Well train'd, he hid the Purpoſe of his Heart
In *Smiles*; yet, when he *ſmil'd*, was leaſt ſincere;
In Intellects, though not in Honour, clear;
Who, vers'd in Cunning, never yet deceiv'd;
Too much ſuſpected to be once believ'd.
For *Self* alone this fawning Lord can feel;
Self made him turn th'*Adelphi Lott'ry-Wheel* *;
Self firſt induc'd him his fine Parts to ſpare
To *B-te*, and patronize the Bank of *Ayr* *:
Subtle in Plots, in treach'rous Councils bold,
In Miſchief active, but in Action cold;
High-mettled, if by no Opponent croſt;
When well confronted, timid, faint, and loſt.
His Tongue with ever-ſtreaming Honey flow'd;
To this falſe Babbler his high Rank he ow'd;
In Elocution drowning all his Peers;
Yet might be ſafely taken by the Ears.
While honeſt Counſellors their Thoughts *expreſs*,
He tricks up *his* in an ambiguous Dreſs;

* In both theſe *Scotch Concerns* his Lordſhip and his Friends had large Stakes. The *national Interpoſition* was therefore procured as an excellent *Cat's Paw*. Thus it is that *Scotland* is embraced who *hates* us, and *Ireland* deſerted and oppreſſed, who *loves* us.

Starts crafty Doubts his Country to betray,
And ſlyly *hints* * whole Provinces away;
With Quirks, and Quibbles, puzzles each Debate;
In friendly Guiſe a Tr--tor to the State:
In all but Courage *Loyola*'s own Son;
Had he but *that*, poor *Gotham* were undone.
Plac'd high on INFAMY's *unraz'd* Record †,
Meanly he ſkulks, Judge, Minion, Slave, and Lord;
The Scourge of Guilt—yet Guilt himſelf incurs,
And makes *Knaves* tremble at a Brother's *Furs*;
Chafes, like a Lion ſhackled in a Den,
While *Law* reſtrains his Fangs from *better Men.*
Thoſe Laws, like an old *Mufti*, he expounds;
For Right and Wrong his Maſter's *Pleaſure* ſounds,
And on that *Pleaſure* all his Counſels grounds;
Counſels, too falſely form'd this Age to pleaſe,
By one who drank *King James* upon his Knees ‡:

* By the Jeſuitical Craft of dropping only *Half-Hints* in the *Cabinet* ſome puſillanimous Counſellors may hope to eſcape *Impeachment*, though at the ſame Time they give a Spur to *Tyranny*, by obſcure Hints, Doubts, Heſitations, Queries, and Half-Suggeſtions.

† Moſt Readers are Maſters of the *Purport*, though not of the *Tenor*, of the Author's Meaning—Mr. *Wilkes* can explain it fully. *Treſilian* was hanged; *Ingram* and *Scroggs* were diſplaced and fined for this baſe Work of erazing Records; but our modern *Treſilian* has eſcaped.

‡ This Anecdote is well remembered. Upon this Occaſion *Drances* fairly bullyed the whole Council-Board.—*Linguâ* melior.

Well

Well vers'd in Points of civil Right and Wrong,
Yet cruſhing Subjects to make Tyrants ſtrong;
Teeming with Maxims at which Nature ſtarts;
A very *Machiavel* with *Murray*'s Parts *:
In Council arrogant, and prompt to ſpeak;
In Danger mute, irreſolute, and weak.
Invariably he takes the *Tyrant-Side*,
A *King* his Idol, and a *Smile* his Guide.
This *Chatham* ſaw; and riſing, with a Frown
Fix'd to his Seat this *Temporizer* down.
Pitt's Brow made all the hireling Senate quake—
I felt the Shock, and Morpheus cry'd---"*Awake!*†"

Ye ſage *Reviewers*, whom all Bards obey,
My Dream at your imperial Feet I lay;

* Or, in other Words, as Paterculus ſays of *Curio* (that *Firebrand* which lighted up the Civil War between Cæſar and Pompey),—"Homo *ingenioſiſſimè* nequam, et *facundus* malo publico."

† Upon this Occaſion the Author does not doubt but he ſhall receive many witty *Good-Morrows* from his Brother-*Scribs* the *Reviewers*; —but remember, Gentlemen,---let them be poignant, neat, *Attic*--- Totumque *merum Sal*—or elſe I turn them upon your Hands again.

Chaunting

Chaunting my beſt among the *vulgar Throng* ‡.
Of Birds; too rough my Numbers, and too ſtrong
My Note, to pleaſe *Court-Critics* * with my Song.
I kiſs your Rod—ſneer, cenſure, ſmile, or ſcowl,
Each Judge I'll honour as Minerva's *Owl* §.
From your Tribunal, there lies no Appeal:
Have Mercy!—for I wiſh you all a *Meal*.

‡ The *gentlemanlike* Society of *Scotch Critical Reviewers* have been pleaſed to place the Author among the *Vulgus Avium*.——V. Critical Review for May laſt, p. 393.

* One Set of Reviewers (the *Monthly*) complain that I abuſe every *conſpicuous* (i. e. every baſe, treacherous, traitorous, *miniſterial*) Character in the Nation; another Set (the *Critical*) is of too delicate a Frame to endure a Style ſo *rough* and *nervous* as the Author's.

§ The Author, in a late Publication called *Reviewers Reviewed*, had exhibited in his emblematic Frontiſpiece an *Owl* in the Character of *Criticiſm*. This the *Critical Reviewers* were pleaſed to take (though not ſo intended) as a *Compliment*; becauſe Eraſmus had jocularly repreſented the *Owl* as the *ſagacious* Bird of Minerva, capable of ſeeing in the *Dark*, when the *vulgar Community* of Birds were *blind*——The Author, however, had Pliny's Deſcription of theſe Birds in his Eye: He ſays that the *whole Species* of *Owls* are *blind* [not *clear-ſighted*]—that they cannot ſee at all *in broad Day-Light*. He calls them *Night-Birds*: he ſays that *too much Light* offends their *weak Eyes*, and that they are gravely and blindly *dull*. Mr. Pope was of the ſame Opinion; and therefore prefixed this *ſagacious* Bird, as an Emblem of *Stupidity*, to the firſt Editions of his *Dunciad*.—Were that great Satyriſt now living, what an admirable *Dunciad* might he compoſe *now*, under the Auſpices of our modern *Reviewers*!

FINIS.